★ Feb. 3, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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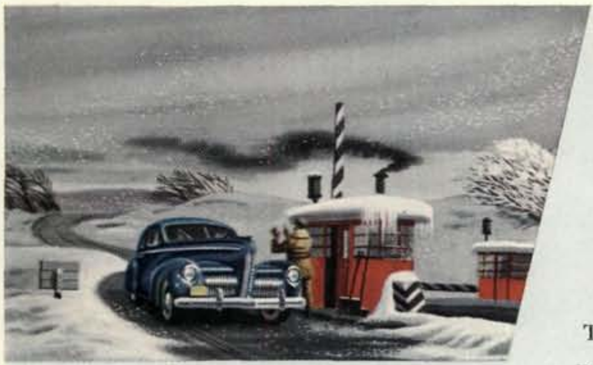

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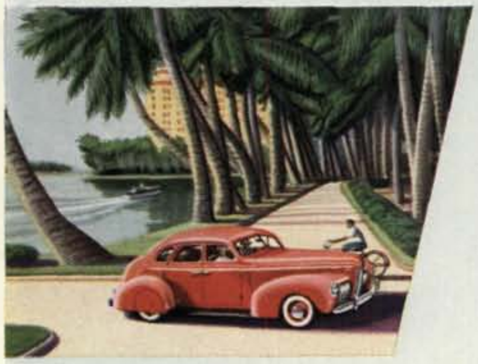

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What matter if the way gets rougher, and the gale blows stronger? You don't care—for you've found a whole new season of the year to have fun in!

• • •

From Sealed Beam lights to the convertible bed, a Nash is 12 full months a year of driving fun! Why take any car that offers less?

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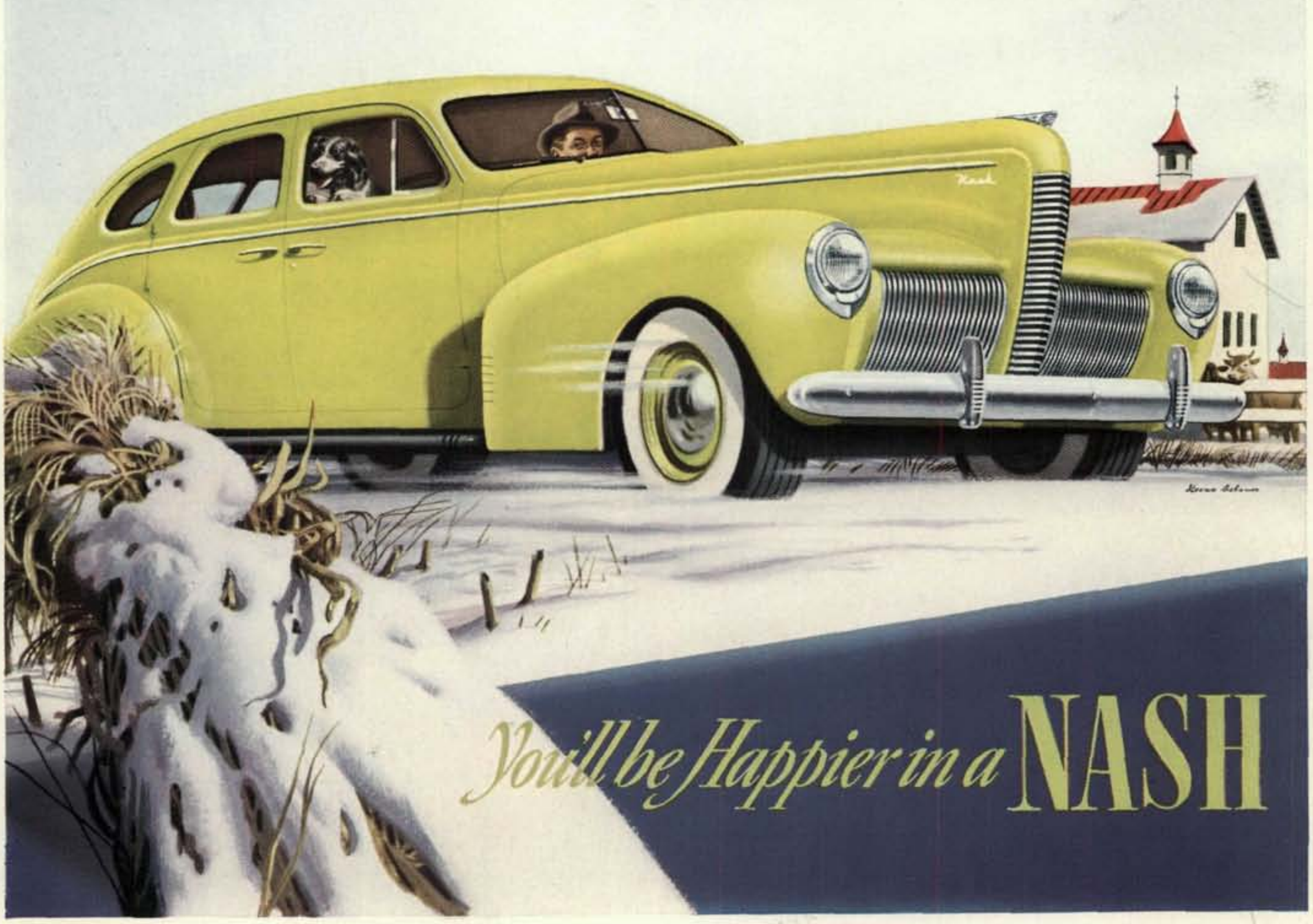
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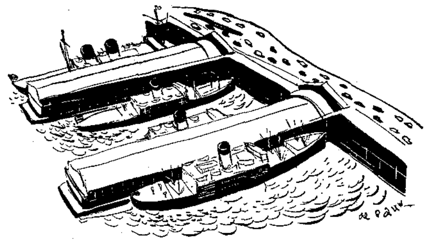
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Juno and the Paycock—Barry Fitzgerald and Sara Allgood are two of the finest actors you'll ever see, and this old repeater is a very fine play, too. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-0640. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Key Largo—Paul Muni being a superior actor and Maxwell Anderson knowing his English language, this pilgrimage of a deserter to his death is worth seeing. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 4, for the Finnish Relief Fund.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive dramatization of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Little Foxes—Tallulah Bankhead and an adept cast showing how far a family of "good businessmen" will go to eat each other alive. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Feb. 3.)

The Male Animal—Academic freedom made the subject of a real comedy which is more free than academic, thanks to James Thurber, one of the authors. The other author, Elliott Nugent, heads a fine cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This is the play about Mr. W–llc-tt, and very funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Margin for Error—Miss Clare Boothe licking hell out of the Nazis in a furious but not terribly ingenious melodrama. Otto Preminger gets killed, and Sam Levene tries to find out who did it. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:50. No performance Mon. Eve., Feb. 5. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Feb. 8.)

The Philadelphia Story—Philip Barry sets out to prove that you don't have to be in the *Social Register* to be a heel, and does it expertly. Katharine Hepburn, Joseph Cotten, and Van Heflin are largely responsible for all the confusion. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Thurs. and Sat.)

See My Lawyer—George Abbott's trademark is clearly on this farce about shyster lawyers and Broadway playboys, but it isn't as funny as some of his others. The cast includes Ezra Stone, Millard Mitchell, and Teddy Hart. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-2820. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

Skylark—Samson Raphaelson's comedy about a man who can't figure out whether he loves his wife better than the advertising business. Chiefly remarkable for Gertrude Lawrence's spirited portrayal of the wife. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. No performance Mon. Eves. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 4, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Time of Your Life—Further cosmic broodings by William Saroyan; very funny in spots, very foggy in others. Julie Haydon and Eddie Dowling do most of the talking. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Two on an Island—Boy meets girl in Elmer Rice's cyclorama of New York. A lot of pleasant things to look at, including Luther Adler, Betty Field, and John Craven, but not much to think about, if you happen to care. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Geneva—George Bernard Shaw's new play—his fiftieth. With Jessica Tandy, Maurice Colbourne, and Barry Jones. Produced by Gilbert Miller and the Messrs. Colbourne and Jones. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

My Dear Children—John Barrymore in the play by Catherine Turney and Jerry Horwin which had such an eventful run in Chicago. Produced by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Ethel Merman, Bert Lahr—at their best—and Cole Porter's music making the old Petit Trianon at Versailles a new place. Don't ask your children what some of the jokes mean. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Hellz-a-Poppin—A revised version of the rough-and-tumble vaudeville acts insanely led by Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 4, for the Finnish Relief Fund.)

New Pins and Needles—Good, honest social and political satire from people who know how to put on a show. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Streets of Paris—A somewhat more rational version of "Hellz-a-Poppin," but pretty strange and wonderful still. The cast includes Bobby Clark, Luella Gear, Abbott and Costello, and the Brazilian girl, Carmen Miranda, who is disturbing all the gentlemen terribly. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., Feb. 10.)

Too Many Girls—Love and football mixed up in one of the best musicals to come along this season. Rodgers and Hart wrote the music, George Abbott directed, and the cast includes Marcy Wescott, Mary Jane Walsh, and Hal LeRoy. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a revival of the Theatre Guild's production of the Shakespeare comedy. To be presented for one week only, as a benefit for the Finnish Relief Fund. Opens Mon., Feb. 5. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Two for the Show—A new revue by Nancy Hamilton and Morgan Lewis. In the cast are Eve Arden, Richard Haydn, and Brenda Forbes. Produced by Gertrude Macy and Stanley Gilkey. Opens Thurs., Feb. 8. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Children's Entertainment—"Dancing through the Ages," a concert presented by Junior Programs: Sun. Aft., Feb. 4, at 4. (MacDowell Club, 166 E. 73. RH 4-9220.)

Folies Bergère—Clifford C. Fischer has put together a number of dancing-girl and vaudeville acts to make something more like a night-club floor show than a revue. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 5-7783. Eves. at 7 and 9. Mats. at 3, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

Variety Artists' Benefit—The annual show to help impoverished vaudevillians, with George M. Cohan and Olsen and Johnson in charge of things: Sun. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:15. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114.)

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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Alexander Haas's orchestra plays a generous number of Viennese waltzes in the Trianon Room, where there is also Ramon Ramos's rumba band. You'll have to dress if you want to dance after 10 P.M.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—George Olsen and his orchestra provide the music and entertainment in the Bowman Room.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—Here are Nicki Raymond's and Donn Marton's orchestras and the Tisdale Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Very much the same as it's always been, with almost exactly the same faces. Arthur Revel's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

La Martinique, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—One flight down, but it has a show on a par with many loftier places. Pancho's orchestra plays.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A pleasant place to spend a leisurely evening dancing (or just listening) to music by Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—This started out as one of the best and has never faltered. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Juanito Rodriguez's rumba band. Dress required.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A handy oasis for upper East Siders, and nice enough for anyone else willing to travel a bit off the beaten path. A rumba band and a quintet supply the music.

Nine o'Clock Club, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922)—A gay spot designed primarily to please the younger set. Jack Sherr's orchestra.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Dinner dancing in the Tapestry Room to music by William Scotti's orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Maurice and Cordoba and Henry King's orchestra are in the Persian Room. Must dress if you plan to dance.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—The show in this stratospheric spot includes George Tapps and Morris King's and Eddie Le Baron's bands. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra and Marlynn and Michael entertain in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A new ice-skating show will open in the Iridium Room on Mon., Feb. 5. Charles Baum's orchestra will stay on. Must dress, at least if you plan to dance.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Bob Grant's orchestra is playing in the Café Lounge.

Sherry's, Park at 49 (PL 3-0200)—Bernie Dolan's orchestra plays for dinner dancing.

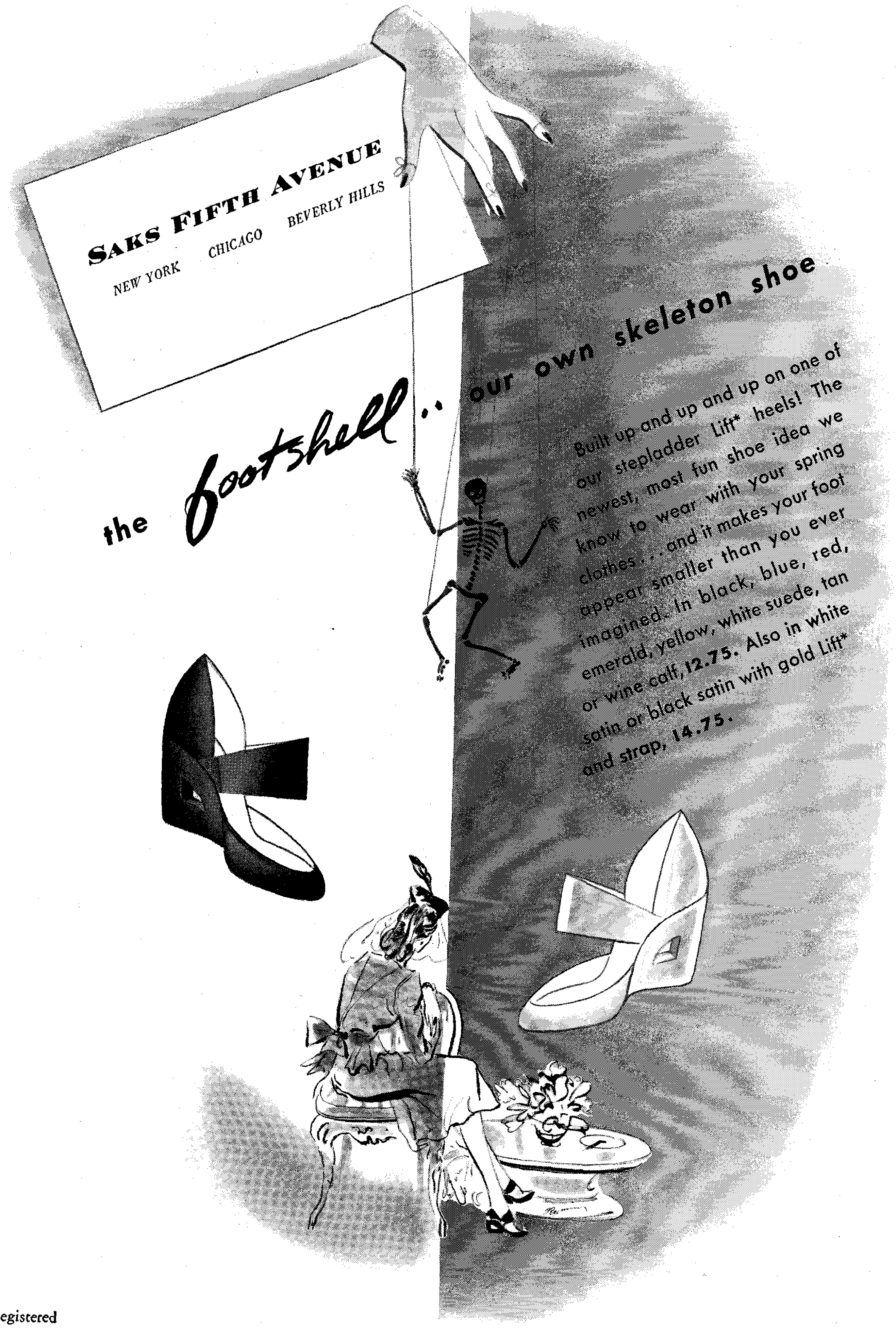
Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charlie Murray's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side concoction, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Carmen Miranda will be here through Wed., Feb. 7. Panchito's rumba band plays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Mario and Floria and Mischa Borr's orchestra will be in the Sert Room through Sat., Feb. 3. Must dress. . . . Everett Hoagland's orchestra and, through Sat., Feb. 3, a funny pickpocket named Giovanni are in the Empire Room. . . . Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and nice and cozy all around. . . . **le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): no room to dance, but simply sitting around and listening to people like Billie Haywood and Vicente Gomez is enough; the entertainment starts at 11 P.M. . . . **warwick,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2706): Ray Morton's orchestra and a mite of a dance floor. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a pleasant place to drop in after a concert; it's practically *in* Carnegie Hall, but there is non-classical music by Nicolas Mathey's orchestra. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty spot, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Bob Crosby's orchestra. . . . **essex**

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XV, No. 51, February 3, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Dick Stabile's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . **GLASS HAT,** 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200): Basil Fomeen's orchestra. . . . **KIT KAT CLUB,** 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Negro entertainment and Connie McLean's band; *for late prowlers, this one.* . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdy-dow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

Pure Swing—At the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Mike Riley's orchestra is a newcomer here. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9543): Woody Herman's big, loud outfit will play here through Tues., Feb. 6. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** *141 W. 51 (CI 7-9738): no more pretentious than* its name, but there's endless swing, with Bud Freeman's orchestra and a team of seven energetic Negroes. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Joe Sullivan's band, Joe Turner, Hazel Scott, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson, Ammons, and Lewis. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-1967): another downtown swing centre, with Zutty Singleton and his band playing nightly, except Mon. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar hideaway, with Clarence Profit's trio.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): fun in the Mauve Decade, as Billy Rose thinks it was. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): all mighty tropical, except for the amusing eccentricities of Matty Malneck's band. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Diosa Costello and, at the supper hour, Desi Arnaz liven things up in the South American way. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** 1650 B'way, at 51 (CI 7-3461): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and another of those Latin shows. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. . . . **COTTON CLUB,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000): Negro entertainment led by Maxine Sullivan and Louis Armstrong.

Harlem—A couple of places where the antics of the *natives almost make the trip uptown worth while* are: **SAVOY BALLROOM,** Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), with Ella Fitzgerald's and Erskine Hawkins' bands; and **GOLDEN GATE BALLROOM,** Lenox at 142 (ED 4-3380), with, beginning Fri., Feb. 2, Coleman Hawkins' and, through Fri., Feb. 9, Count Basie's bands.

Foreign Flavor—Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

Art of Tomorrow, 24 E. 54—This museum, which houses the Guggenheim collection of non-objective painting, begins a series of showings of contemporary American abstractionists with pieces by Gertrude and Balcomb Greene and I. Rice Pereira. Those by Mrs. Greene are particularly *good. Tues. through* Sat., *10 A.M. to 6 P.M.;* Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

Bennett—Water colors of Venezuelan scenes by an artist who seems thoroughly at home with his subject: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

Blatas—A Lithuanian painter, strongly influenced by the Impressionists, shows some sombre but rhythmically designed oils: French Art, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

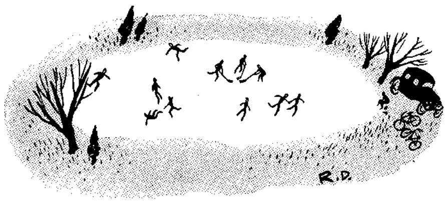
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway, near Grand Army Plaza—Just about *the* definitive show of paintings and drawings by Eastman Johnson, the now somewhat overlooked nineteenth-century American genre painter. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

Cantú—Oils that combine, very happily for the most part, the flavor of the Spanish tradition with a trace of surrealism: Morgan, 37 W. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 3.

Carroll—Twenty new canvases by one of the more graceful of the American romantics: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 3.

Davies—These oils, from the Frederick Newlin Price collection, are far from being the painter's best, but there are three or four excellent *things among them:* Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

Engravings on Glass—Twenty-six artists, from Dali to Sidney Waugh, did the designs and the Corning Glass Company executed them on plates, goblets, and urns. A praiseworthy if somewhat chichi attempt to bring art and industry together: Steuben Building, 718 5 Ave., at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 12.



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Fiene—First one-man show in five years by one of the leaders of the Woodstock group: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

French—At the **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: two grand Utrillos and some fine early Matisses, among others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 29. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: pleasant Derain landscapes in a varied showing. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 3. . . . **VALENTINE,** 16 E. 57: twelve typical portraits by Modigliani in a group that includes two interesting early works by Matisse and Rouault. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 3.

Groups—At the **BOYER,** 69 E. 57: good things by Burliuk, Liberte, and Guy in a show that has *its ups and downs. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.;* through Feb. 3. . . . **JULIEN LEVY,** 15 E. 57: Dali, Leonid, Berman, Blume, Rattner, and others of this gallery's artists in a lively and interesting ten-year retrospective (1929-39) of their various endeavors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 23. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB,** 15 Gramercy Pk., at 4 Ave.: seventy-odd contemporary Americans in an invitation show of oils which, *though it leans heavily toward the academic,* contains some nice pieces by Curry, Corbino, Doris Rosenthal, and others. Daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 9.

Klee—Several of this artist's older paintings, and some that are fresh from his studio, make one of the most charming collections of his work to come along in some time: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

Magnasco—Well-selected loan show of paintings by this Italian master of baroque: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 3.

Maillol—First show since 1930 of works by this great modern sculptor: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 24.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—In Gallery D 6, a comparative show of heads by sculptors of all periods, chosen from the Museum's collection; in Gallery E 15, animal sculptures and other pieces by Antoine Barye. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 3.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Twenty-one *paintings, representing pretty near the cream of* Italian Renaissance and baroque art, in a loan show originally exhibited at the San Francisco Fair. Concurrently, they've arranged a loan show of modern oils and sculptures, mainly French, that shouldn't be missed either. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 10 P.M.; through March 24.

O'Keeffe—Twenty-one new paintings of Hawaii. Opens Sat., Feb. 3: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 17.

Santo—A modern primitive from Vermont shows some delightful little landscapes, pleasantly varied in color: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

Siqueiros—New paintings. Done in Duco, some of them have a trick air, but a few show his true solidity and power: Matisse, 51 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 3.

Stravinsky—The son of the composer shows a number of honest, careful, and in the main well-organized oils and gouaches: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 2.

Takal—Drawings, gracefully Picassoesque in feeling, shown for the benefit of Les Colis de Trianon-Versailles: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 3.

Taubes—A repeat show of this artist's cool, low-keyed, gravely mystical oils, originally exhibited last November: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 3.

Weschler—Small sculptures, blocky in design, sharp in contour, and strong in mass: Robinson, 126 E. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 3.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The big, comprehensive, and always interesting annual survey of contemporary American painting, sculpture, water colors, and black-and-whites. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 18.

Miscellaneous—At the **REINHARDT,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: paintings by the late Jonas Lie, Millard Sheets, and others of the Lotos Club group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: water colors and gouaches by John C. Pellew, Louis Bosa, and Bernard Klonis. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 3. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: retrospective show of sculpture by Boris Lovet-Lorski. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 8. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: retrospective exhibition of paintings by Alice Thévin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 10. . . . **MORTON,** 130 W. 57: water colors by Alfrida Storm. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10. . . . **A.C.A.,** 52 W. 8: paintings by Tromka. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 10. . . . **KLEEMANN,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by Ann Brockman. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 29. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: paintings by Moses Soyer. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 19. . . . **GRANT,** 175 MacDougal, near W. 8 St.: annual exhibition of the New York Society of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 12.

Note—*Works donated for the Finnish Relief Fund* by Charles Burchfield, Jon Corbino, Edward Hopper, and others are being sold to the highest bidders at the Grand Central Galleries, Gotham Hotel, 5 Ave. at 55. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 3.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall *is CI 7-7460;* for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 2, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Feb. 4, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 9, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 10, at 8:45. (Soloists: Piastro, Feb. 1-2; Brailowsky, Feb. 3-4; Virovai, Feb. 8-9; Dorfmann, Feb. 10.)

Yale and N.Y.U. Glee Clubs—Finnish benefit concert: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:30.

Cleveland Symphony—Rodzinski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:40.

New York City Symphony—Sebastian conducting the Music Project orchestra in the first concert of another series sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Metropolitan Opera House, B'way at 39 (PE 6-1210), Tues. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:45. (Soloist: Busch.)

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 10, at 3.

Benefit for the Blind—Lauritz Melchior and the chorus of the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Feb. 10, at 8:30.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Leo Smit, Fri. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:30; Alexander Brailowsky, Wed. Eve., Feb. 7, at 8:30; Nathan Milstein, Fri. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:30.

Town Hall—Jussi Bjoerling, Fri. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:30; Helen Schafmeister, Sat. Aft., Feb. 3, at 3; New Friends of Music (Kolisch Quartet and Josefa Rosanska), Sun. Aft., Feb. 4, at 5:30; Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin, Sun. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:30; Eugene List, Mon. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:30; Philharmonic-Symphony String Quartet, Tues. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:30.

Elsewhere—At the McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116: Dorothy Maynor, Sat. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8:30. (UN 4-3200.)

OPERA

Metropolitan—"Louise," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 1; "Das Rheingold," Fri. Aft., Feb. 2; "Manon," Fri. Eve., Feb. 2; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sat. Aft., Feb. 3; "Otello," Sat. Eve., Feb. 3; "Orfeo ed Euridice," Mon. Eve., Feb. 5; "La Traviata," Wed. Eve., Feb. 7; "Die Walküre," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 8; "La Gioconda," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 8; "Tristan und Isolde" (benefit), Fri. Aft., Feb. 9; "Madama Butterfly," Fri. Eve., Feb. 9; "La Bohème," Sat. Aft., Feb. 10; "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Eve., Feb. 10. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until two days before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

BALLET

The Ballet Theatre—This company, with such choreographers as Bolm, Fokine, and Mordkin, is concluding its first season with the following programs: "Swan Lake," "Lady into Fox," and "Goyescas," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 1. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Raymond Scott Quintette," and "Black Ritual," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 1. . . . "Lady into Fox," "Dark Elegies," "Ode to Glory," and "Raymond Scott Quintette," Fri. Eve., Feb. 2. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Raymond Scott Quintette," Sat. Aft., Feb. 3. . . . "Swan Lake," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Raymond Scott Quintette," Sat. Eve., Feb. 3. (Center Theater, 6 Ave. at 49. CI 5-5500. Eves. at 8:40; Mats. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Fred Apostoli vs. Melio Bettina, light heavyweights, Fri. Eve., Feb. 2; preliminaries at 8:30; main match (15 rounds) at about 10. . . . Joe Louis vs. Arturo

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Godoy, for the world heavyweight title, Fri. Eve., Feb. 9; preliminaries at 8:30; main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Indoor Polo—At **squadron a armory**, Madison at 94, at 9:30 P.M.: N.Y.A.C. vs. Winmont Farms, Sat., Feb. 3; Rovers vs. Squadron A, Sat., Feb. 10. Junior Division matches start at 8:30 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., Feb. 1; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sun., Feb. 4; Americans vs. Detroit, Tues., Feb. 6; Rangers vs. Toronto, Thurs., Feb. 8. . . . Amateur game: Sun., Feb. 4, at 1:30 P.M.

Basketball—Madison Square Garden, at 8:15 P.M.: L.I.U. vs. Duquesne, and City College vs. Fordham, Wed., Feb. 7; N.Y.U. vs. Notre Dame, and St. Francis vs. Manhattan, Sat., Feb. 10.

Track—Madison Square Garden: Millrose A.A. Meet, Sat. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8.

Winter Sports—Dartmouth is holding its annual winter carnival at Hanover, N. H., on Fri. and Sat., Feb. 9-10.

OTHER EVENTS

Public Balls—The Front Page Ball, put on by the Newspaper Women's Club: at the Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Feb. 2, at 10. . . . Help Finland Cabaret, with people like Daniel Frohman, Lee and J. J. Shubert, Sam H. Harris, and Billy Rose planning the entertainment: at the Waldorf-Astoria, Wed. Eve., Feb. 7, at 10. . . . The "Star-Spangled Banner" Ball: at the Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Feb. 9, at 10.

Illustrators' Show—The annual stag affair for the benefit of needy artists: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Feb. 2-3, at 8:45.

Planetarium—"Morning and Evening Stars" is the topic for February at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri., at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Burton Holmes—"Mediterranean Odyssey Cruise," a travelogue: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:30, and Mon. Aft., Feb. 5, at 2:30.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Paintings by Raeburn, Romney, and Reynolds, collected by R. L. Skofield and others: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:15. . . . French and Italian furniture, porcelains, silver, paintings, and Oriental rugs, belonging to James Cunningham and the estate of the late Mrs. James Russell Soley: Sat. Aft., Feb. 3, at 2. . . . First editions and autograph letters, from the libraries of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sedgwick and the late Charles Arthur Carlisle: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Feb. 7-8, at 2. . . . Etchings, engravings, and mezzotints, including some by Dürer, Rembrandt, and Whistler, collected by R. L. Skofield, the late Edwin B. Holden, and others: Wed. Eve., Feb. 7, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

Metropolitan Opera—"Lucia di Lammermoor," with Pons and Bonelli: Sat. Aft., Feb. 3, at 1:55, WJZ.

Magna Charta—Première of a radio cantata by Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill, on Burgess Meredith's "Pursuit of Happiness" program: Sun. Aft., Feb. 4, at about 4:30, WABC.

Grace Moore—Soloist with the Ford Symphony: Sun. Eve., Feb. 4, at 9, WABC.

President Roosevelt—Speaking on the 30th anniversary of the Boy Scouts: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 8, at 10:30, WABC, WJZ, WOR.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 6:30, WABC. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, Tues. and Thurs. Eves., at 6:30, WABC. . . . John B. Kennedy, Tues. and Thurs. Eves., at 7:15, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 10, WOR.

Television—Preliminary Golden Gloves bouts, at Ridgewood Grove, Wed. Eve., Feb. 7, at 9, W2XBS.

MOTION PICTURES

Destry Rides Again—Marlene Dietrich's Western, and tough as they make 'em. Funny, too. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 1-5. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 2-4. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 2-5.)

Entente Cordiale—French film of the quaint old days when the nations were being polite to each other. Victor Francen as Edward VII. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

Gone with the Wind—Vivien Leigh, Olivia de Havilland, Clark Gable, and crowds and armies, all with plenty of time to give us their best. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—Robert Donat's very able impersonation of the renowned Hilton character. A highly successful film of English school life. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 3-5. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 7-8.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

The Grapes of Wrath—A magnificent film directed by John Ford. From the Steinbeck novel and with all its essential spirit. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

The Housekeeper's Daughter—A bright trifle that may make you giggle. With Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 1-5. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 6-7. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 6-8. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Feb. 6-10.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame—Nice photography, medieval Paris and all that, and Charles Laughton under a ton of makeup. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is also in it. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 1-7.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington—Jean Arthur and James Stewart handle the Senate in the best Capra style. Some may find it rather too fanciful. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Sun., Feb. 1-4. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Thurs., Feb. 4-8.)

Ninotchka—The delightful Garbo comedy (with Ina Claire and Melvyn Douglas, too), done in the best and most frivolous Lubitsch manner. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Feb. 4-7. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Fri., Feb. 6-9. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Fri., Feb. 6-9.)

Pinocchio—Walt Disney's second full-length film in Technicolor. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49; opening Wed., Feb. 7.)

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex—Of interest only because of Bette Davis and her looks and manner as the great Queen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs. through Sun., Feb. 1-4. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 3-5.)

The Shop Around the Corner—Mild item on the quaint side, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

We Are Not Alone—Paul Muni in a tragic, sometimes monotonous story of an English country doctor. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Feb. 2. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 1-3. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 3-5. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., Feb. 5-7.)

The Women—*Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, and no men. Clare Boothe's play, and the noisiest film of the season.* (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 6-8.)

Note—"The First Film Concert," with performances by Alfred Cortot, Gregor Piatigorsky, Alexander Brailowsky, Jacques Thibaud, and others, is being shown at the Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23, Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 1-3.

REVIVALS

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—French film. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., Feb. 2.)

Craig's Wife (1936)—Rosalind Russell and John Boles. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 6-7.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis, George Brent, and Geraldine Fitzgerald. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 2-5.)

Fire over England *(1937)—Flora Robson, Vivien* Leigh, Laurence Olivier, and Raymond Massey. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Feb. 5-6.)

The Gay Desperado (1936)—With Nino Martini. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 1-3.)

Idiot's Delight (1939)—Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 1-2.)

The Informer (1935)—With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., Feb. 9.)

Mayerling (1937)—French, with Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., Feb. 2.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker and Martyn Green. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 4-5.)

Zaza (1939)—Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 2-4.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is exhibiting the following foreign films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "Moscow Clad in Snow" (1909), "The Revenge of the Kinematograph Cameraman" (1912), "Moment Musicale" (1913), and "Father Sergius" (1917), Thurs., Feb. 1. . . . "Kino-Pravda" (1922), "Kombrig Ivanov" (1923), "Rebellion, Mutiny in Odessa" (1906), and "Potemkin" (1925), Fri., Feb. 2. . . . "The Cloak" (1926) and "By the Law" (1926), Sat., Feb. 3. . . . "Chess Fever" (1925) and "Mother" (1926), Sun., Feb. 4. . . . "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), Mon., Feb. 5. . . . "Arsenal" (1928), Tues., Feb. 6. . . . "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), Wed., Feb. 7. . . . "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), Thurs., Feb. 8. . . . "Maedchen in Uniform" (1931), Fri., Feb. 9. . . . "Fahrmann Maria" (1936), Sat., Feb. 10.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

Badminton—Eastern Open Championships, 165th Regiment Armory, Feb. 23-25.

Boxing—Golden Gloves finals, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 19.

Dance Recitals—Carnegie Hall: Ted Shawn, Feb. 20, 21, and 23; Argentinita, Feb. 28.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 12-14.

Flower Show—Grand Central Palace, March 11-16.

Hunt Races—Sandhills Steeplechase and Racing Association, Southern Pines, N.C., March 16. . . . Aiken Mile Track Association, Aiken, S.C., March 23. . . . Carolina Cup, Camden, S.C., March 30.

Indoor Tennis—Men's and Women's National Championships, 7th Regiment Armory, Feb. 22-March 2.

Indoor Track—National A.A.U. Championships, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 24. . . . Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Championships, Madison Square Garden, March 2. . . . K. of C. Meet, Madison Square Garden, March 9.

Music—At **carnegie hall:** Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, through March 17. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Feb. 13; McArthur conducting, March 5; Stokowski conducting, March 19. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Feb. 16 and 17 (Aft.) and March 14 and 16 (Aft.). National Orchestral Association, Barzin conducting, Feb. 19 and 24 (Aft.). . . . Recitals: Schipa, Feb. 18; Hofmann, March 3; Rubinstein, March 11; Kreisler, March 12; New Friends of Music, March 17 and 21; Anderson, March 24. . . . **town hall:** New Friends of Music, Feb. 11, 18, and 25, and March 3 (Afts.); Maynor, Feb. 28; Novaes, March 2 (Aft.); Flagstad, March 13. . . . **mcmillin theatre:** Heifetz, Feb. 24.

Racing—*Hialeah, through March 2 (Widener* Challenge Cup Race, March 2); Santa Anita, through March 9 (Santa Anita Handicap, March 2); Tropical Park, March 4 through April 10.

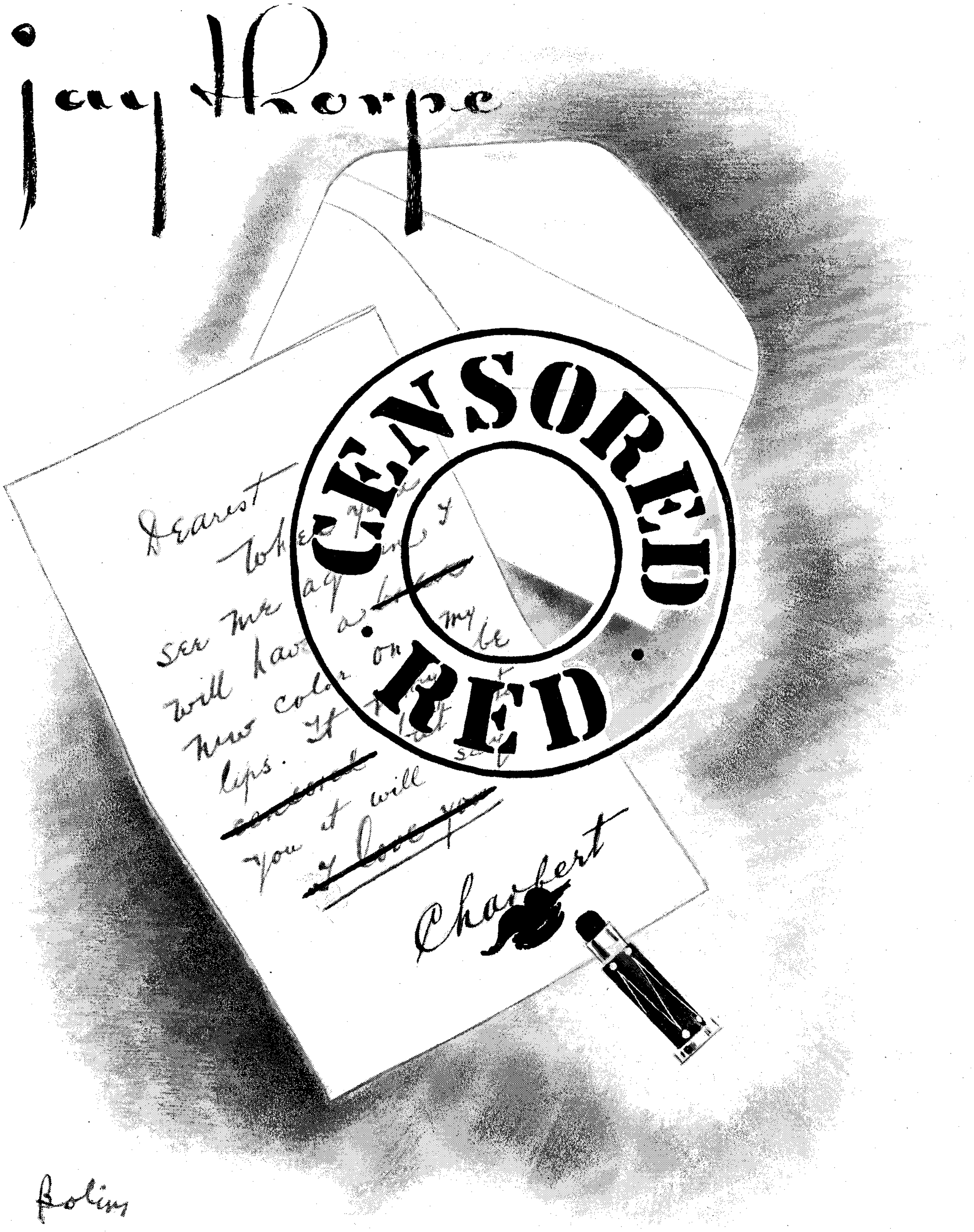
Squash Tennis—National Amateur Championship, Princeton Club, March 7.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open within the next month or two: "The Unconquered," by Ayn Rand, produced by George Abbott; "The Fifth Column," by Ernest Hemingway, with Franchot Tone, Katherine Locke, and Lenore Ulric, produced by the Theatre Guild; "Night Music," by Clifford Odets, with Jane Wyatt and Morris Carnovsky, produced by the Group Theatre; "The Flying Gerardos," by Charles Knox Robinson and Kenyon Nicholson, produced by John Golden; "New Faces of 1940," a revue with Paul Draper, produced by Leonard Sillman; "Another Sun," by Dorothy Thompson and Fritz Kortner, produced by Cheryl Crawford; "Ladies in Retirement," with Flora Robson, produced by Gilbert Miller; "Higher and Higher," a musical by Gladys Hurlbut, with Rodgers and Hart music, Jack Haley, Marta Eggert, and Shirley Ross, produced by Dwight Deere Wiman; "The Happiest Man," an adaptation by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell of a Hungarian play by Miklos Laszlo, staged and produced by Guthrie McClintic; "Three After Three," a musical, produced by Ruth Selwyn and the Shuberts, with lyrics by Johnny Mercer, music by Hoagy Carmichael, and a cast which includes Simone Simon, Mitzi Green, Mary Brian, Frances Williams, and Stepin Fetchit.

Winter Sports—Princeton: Annual Ice Carnival, Feb. 24. . . . Lake Placid: Figure-Skating Carnival, Feb. 16-17; Four-Man Bobsled Championships, Feb. 24-25.

Yachting—Lipton Cup Race, Biscayne Bay Y.C., Miami, Feb. 10-12. . . . Miami-to-Nassau Race, Feb. 13. . . . Lipton Trophy Race, Miami Y.C., Feb. 19.

Other Dates—National Sportsmen's Show, Grand Central Palace, Feb. 17-25. . . . Ice Carnival, Madison Square Garden, March 22, 23, 25, and 27. . . . Israel Orphan Asylum Benefit Show, Madison Square Garden, March 16. . . . Federal income-tax returns for 1939 are due on March 15; State returns on April 15.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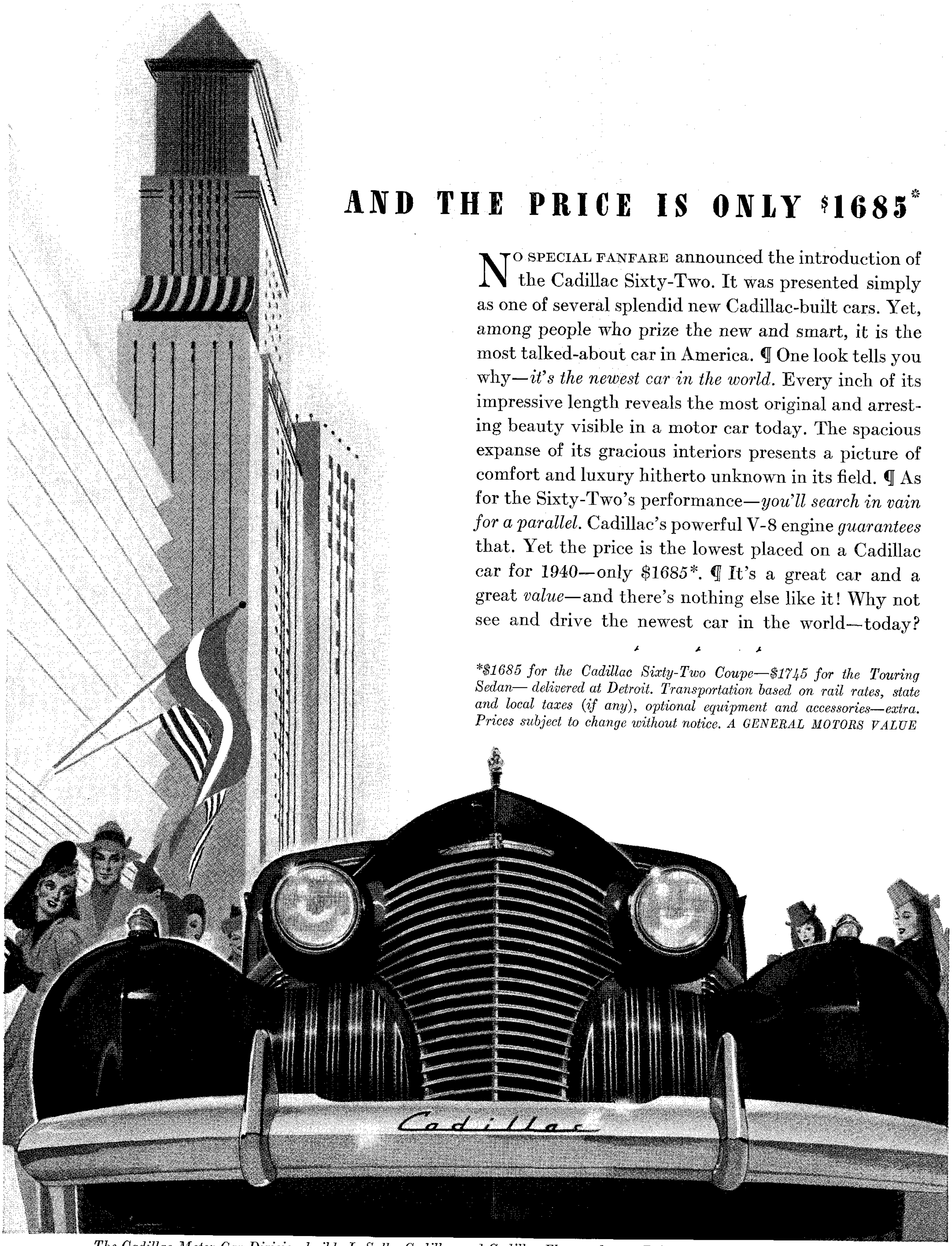

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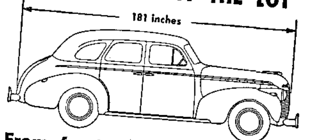

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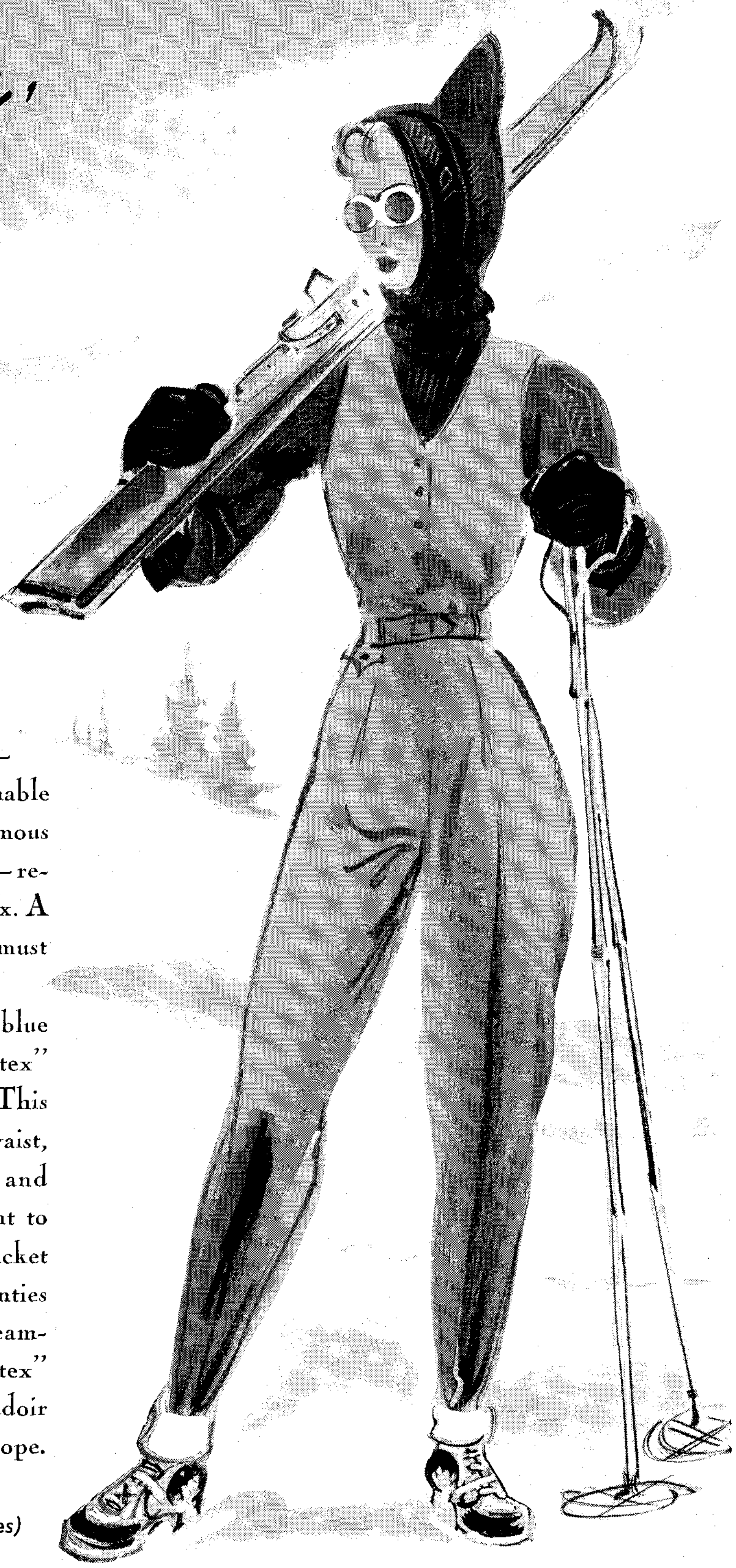


Here it is — a Jay Thorpe exclusive — the last word in functional and fashionable ski wear. Originally designed by a famous Norwegian champion for his own use — restyled by Jay Thorpe for the weaker sex. A one-piece suit, jumper type, with the "must have" downhill trousers.

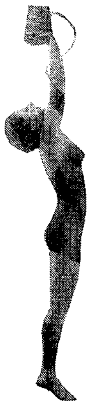
The fabric is Swedish (grayish) blue Ski-O-Twill with the stretch of "Lastex" yarn, made especially for ski togs. This elastic feature gives a semi-corseted waist, a slim bodice and that extra give and take at shoulders and hips so important to the skier. No chilly gap between jacket and trousers, no snow in your ski panties when you take a header in this streamlined outfit. Yes, the stretch of "Lastex" does seem to follow one from the boudoir to the beach — and even to the ski slope.

Suit and accessories (except skis and poles)

at **JAY THORPE**

Twenty-four West Fifty-seventh Street

New York City



THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT . . . Lastex

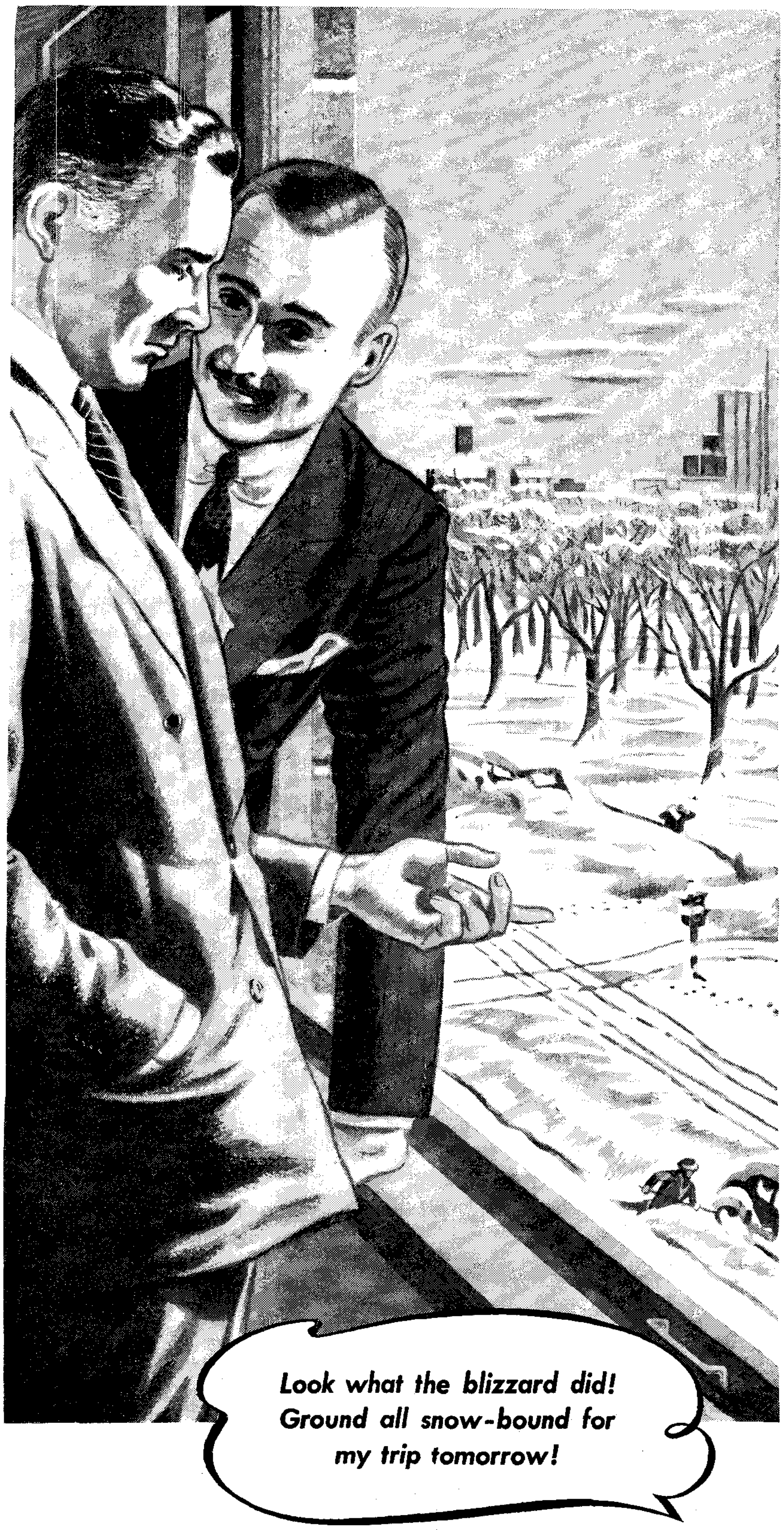
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

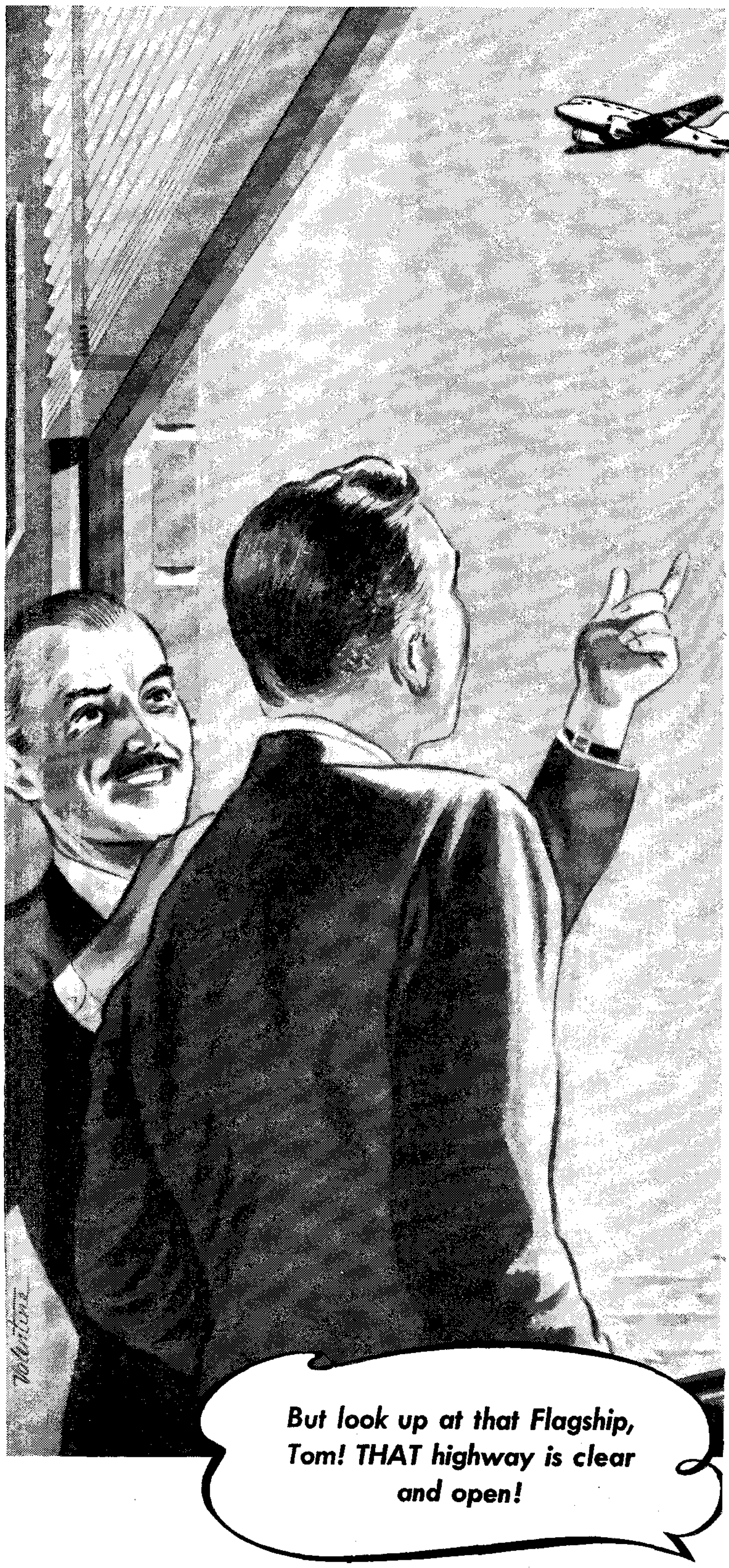
An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US TRADE MARK

1790 Broadway

New York City


Look what the blizzard did! Ground all snow-bound for my trip tomorrow!


Valentini
But look up at that Flagship, Tom! THAT highway is clear and open!

It's ideal where the Flagships fly

THE FLAGSHIP was invented to travel a highway free from delays and inconveniences. And when the earth is in winter's clutches, mantled in snow and ice, then you appreciate most the smooth freedom of air travel.

The next time you look out the window and see impeded traffic and folks struggling through drifts or sloshing through slush just remember this: the highway is clear and smooth where the Flagships fly. And if the sky seems murky to you, remember that "on top" where the Flagships travel is clear, sparkling sunshine which streams through your Flagship window and seems to wrap you around with summer-time warmth.

Make your very next trip by Flagship. Experience first hand how delightful—and how amazingly fast—your winter traveling can be! American Airlines, Inc. serves the principal cities of the nation, coast to coast. For reservations, call your Travel Agent or the nearest American Airlines office.

AMERICAN AIRLINES, *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

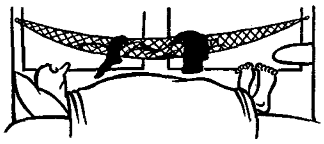
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

APPARENTLY the procedure for getting an American plane into Canadian territory so that it can be flown by a French pilot across the sea to England for use in a war against Germany is to land the plane at our border, push it across (laughing), and then resume the flight. It's too bad some similar rite, some comparable bit of vaudeville, can't be devised for settling those other international differences that are bothering the world—we mean the ones the planes themselves are being flown (or pushed) to settle.

AFTER a brief absence from town, we returned in Lower 3 the other morning, a few hours ahead of the heroes of the Fighting 69th. It came to us as we lay in our berth convalescing after the porter's pinch that the bed was made up so that our feet were toward the front of the train. As far as we can recall, this was the first time we had approached New York in any attitude but headlong. We didn't feel quite right. The new system of berth-making, with the passenger's feet out in front by a length, is said to counteract nausea; but it certainly breaks with tradition. Besides, unless a New Yorker's stomach contains a few curds of misery at daybreak, he can't quite believe he's home. He might be anywhere.



THERE should be a full investigation into the case of Captain Byron C. Brown, the retired Army officer who notified the Coast Guard that he had heard an SOS on his radio. The Coast Guard wasn't able to find any ship in distress, and the upshot was that Captain Brown got arrested and convicted for intoxication. The case isn't clear-cut. The authorities seem to feel that Captain Brown (who has reported distress calls before) is in a rut; they would like him to amuse himself with the Lone Ranger and let the short waves alone. On the other hand, it appears that on the evening when Captain Brown was doing his listening, there actually *was* a broadcast of a disaster at sea: somebody, some upstart Orson Welles, was describing the sinking of a liner thirty years ago off Nantucket. Captain Brown thinks perhaps this was what he heard. If so, he certainly should appeal his case. Drunkenness has nothing to do with matters like this—or, rather, drunkenness has everything to do with them, the question being who is drunk nowadays, anyway, and who sober? There is something eerie about a Coast Guard cutter racing to the side of a ship that has been thirty years in her grave. "Visibility unlimited," the cutter reported. "No trace of ship." In circumstances like these, in a decade like ours, we want to know by what standard, by what curious frame of reference, a magistrate can pronounce somebody drunk. There are occasions when visibility is unlimited only after much Scotch, when the only sobriety is that which is enjoyed by a man who is sitting at his radio, fried to the ears, misinterpreting the reënactment of old catastrophes.

ONE of the reviews of the movie "The Grapes of Wrath" described it as "the most daring picture that has come out of Hollywood." We have been trying to figure that tag out. Probably it refers to some uncomplimentary views of California—the movie industry's native state. But we are not sure. Maybe the film seemed daring to the reviewer because it was about people.

AN advertising man is as resourceful as a river pilot, as shifty as a horsefly. His is the science of "tying" something "in" with something else, it doesn't make any difference what. There are no two objects so disparate that an advertising man can't tie one in with the other. We have seen a transatlantic liner tied in with a bobbie pin. We have seen beautiful showgirls tied in with Columbia University's plainest professors. It is not an uncommon sight to see an advertising man tie his own mother in with a good sink solvent.

The latest triumph of this sort, however, is the achievement of Coca-Cola, whose promotion experts have performed the amazing feat of tying America's celebrated soft drink in with the art of flower arrangement. This takes a bit of tying. It is all done in a beautiful booklet with full-color illustrations which show the essential rightness of harmonizing a bowl of calla lilies with a tub of chilled Coke. With a few deft pats, any housewife of ordinary intelligence can take the stiffness out of a bouquet of Coca-Cola bottles. A number of sample arrangements are shown in the booklet—which we've been studying with nervous eagerness. There is the "end of day" grouping, for a husband's homecoming. It consists of red roses (for passion), evening newspaper, pipe and tobacco, matches, and one tall, stately sprig of Coca-Cola right in the centre. Then there is the "small party" arrangement, at which each guest opens his own bottle: cheese crackers against a blue drape, Coca-

Cola in military formation, two deep, three abreast. And there is the "garden party" arrangement, somewhat rowdier: Coke grouped so it can be swigged right out of the bottles without benefit of glasses. There's no end to the possibilities. One need only have the imaginative approach. For instance, you can have a bowl of six iced bottles, and three of them can be standing up and three can be lying down. Or you can have four standing, and two lying. We've already planned an amusing grouping for our next party. We're going to have *five* standing, and *one* on its side. And the one that is on its side doesn't contain Coca-Cola at all. It contains Betty Grable.

THE man who earned the biggest salary in the United States during 1938 was a man named F. A. Countway. He has a soap connection. We had never heard of Mr. Countway till we read that he had earned $469,713 during 1938, considerably more than was earned by Claudette Colbert. The paper (it was the *Mirror*) published pictures of Breadwinner Countway and Breadwinner Colbert, and it disturbed our sense of proportion to see that, although her salary was smaller, Miss Colbert's picture was bigger. On Mr. Countway's behalf we would like to protest this discrimination. He earned more money, therefore his picture should have been bigger than Miss Colbert's—otherwise there is no rhyme or reason to anything in daily journalism, and very little sense to our competitive system.

Appeasement

A FRIEND of ours who, by some chance or other, was included in a late Sunday breakfast party of débutantes at the Waldorf reports that one of the little dears was punctilious about thanking the waiter whenever he performed the slightest service for her. Somebody remarked on it, and she said, "Well, it can't do any harm, and it may sort of postpone things, the way they're going." Our friend thinks she meant the revolution, and he thinks she was perfectly deadpan, too.

Stanley at Coney

OUR staff explorer, Mr. Stanley, who gets a headache in steam-heated apartments, trekked down to Coney Island via B.-M.T. one cold day last week to get a breath of fresh air and see how the place looks in the wintertime. In the Coney Island station, the huge, echoing vestibule of Coney, Stanley saw only five people—two men in change booths, two men waiting for a New York train, and a cold, red-nosed girl presiding over a candy booth that was doing absolutely no business. All the other arcade booths—the ones that in the summer sell beer, peanuts, popcorn, clams, crabs, oysters, salt-water taffy, hamburgers, frankfurters, potato chips, *knishes*, and balloons—were glassed in and empty. Debouching into Surf Avenue, Stanley was immediately struck by the brightness of the signs and façades which line the street—Bingo, World Circus Sideshow, Flying Scooter, and the Eden Musee. Passing Feltman's, he saw that a beer bar there was open, so he dropped in for a nice, cool seidel.

Walking down to West Fifth Street, Stanley had a look at the charred remains of a scooter ride which, only a couple of weeks before, had been destroyed in a $30,000 fire. Luna Park was boarded up tight, with the winter wind whistling through the skeleton of the Mile Sky Chaser. Strolling up Surf Avenue in the opposite direction, Stanley came upon two movie theatres, both open for business, and a legitimate house, the Yiddish Folks Theatre, where a play called "Broken Engagement" was on the boards. Stanley next made for the Boardwalk, by way of Henderson Walk, past the World in Wax Musee, whose monster sign, "ADDED ATTRACTION PERUVIAN CHILD MOTHER," was tufted with snow, and past the Cyclone Roller Coaster, from a platform of which a big police dog hurled curses at Stanley. The view from the Boardwalk was as nice a winter landscape as you'd wish to see, Stanley reports, with spots of snow making a picturesque contrast to the reddish beach sand, and a distant, solitary tug poking along on a leaden sea. About fifty people were in sight, all evidently out for fresh air—a mother and her baby, a party of schoolgirls, and a man with cauliflower ears who was shadow-boxing as he ran. Stanley stopped him to ask his name, but the fellow just cried "Hah!" scornfully, and waltzed away into the wind.

Only one eating place was open on the Boardwalk, and that, fittingly enough, was the Open Kitchen, run by two Attic gentlemen named George Harris and Jim Felakus. They said that they kept open throughout the year, and did their best business in the winter, because there was no competition. Further along, in front of Steeplechase Park, Stanley came upon a charred stretch of boardwalk, a memento of the big fire of last September. He also passed McLochlin's Swimming Pool, and reports that nothing else he has seen on his explorations equals the desolation of a swimming pool with snow on the bottom. Finally he got to the Half Moon Hotel and found the lobby deserted except for one man reading a newspaper in a twilit corner. The manager of the Half Moon, Mr. Fulton, told Stanley that a hundred people, about a quarter of the hotel's capacity, lived there the year round. "And why not?" he added defensively. "They get plenty of iron and sulphur from the sea air."

Boston

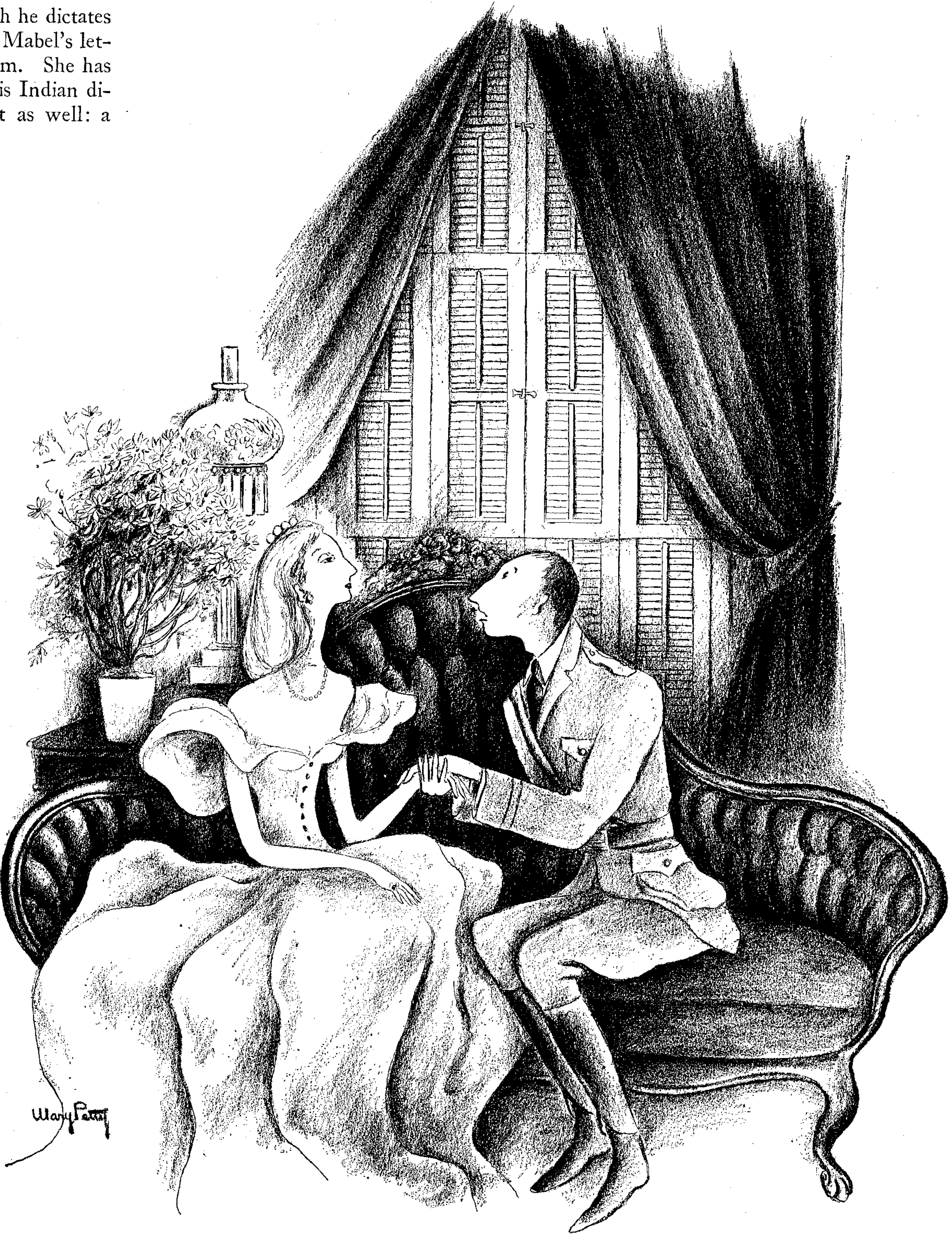
THE Puritan mode of thought cropped up the other day, rather oddly, in a fitting room of Stearns', a department store in Boston. A plump lady was trying on some sort of high-powered foundation garment, holding her breath and looking hopeful. The saleslady was not unduly encouraging, however. "This garment allows the fat to come out here, or here," she told the plump lady, illustrating her point with two pokes. "It's just a question of which you prefer."

Mabel's Tony

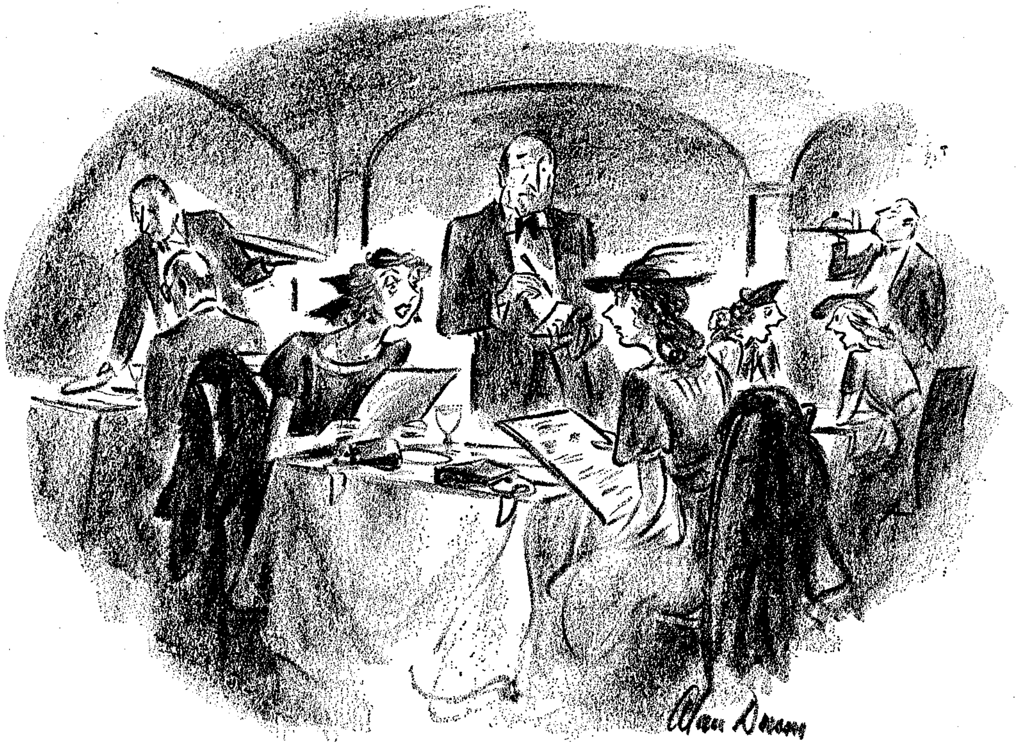
WE dropped in on Mabel Dodge Luhan, who, as you've undoubtedly heard, is back in town reviving her salons of yesteryear, largely to ask her about her celebrated, and fourth, husband, Tony, a Pueblo Indian who is due to come to New York from their home in Taos, New Mexico, sometime in February. Mrs. Luhan, a lady whose low black bangs are now slightly tinged with gray, told us that Tony, who, like herself, is over sixty, will probably not have too good a time here; he's visited the city before and, as a confirmed outdoors man, objects to having everything go on under roofs. He likes hockey matches at the Garden and wrestling, however, and the singing in musical shows. He dislikes oysters, and Mrs. Luhan doubts that he'll react much more favorably toward her salons, if he attends any. "He would probably get little pleasure out of such topics as civil liberties and 'Finnegans Wake' and psychiatry," she said, referring to recent discussions *chez* Luhan. Tony has never read any of his wife's four volumes of "Intimate Memories," in which he is a featured character. He has never read anything in English, in fact, and can speak it only haltingly, even after seventeen years of married life with Mabel. He prefers Spanish, in which she is far from fluent, but they get along fine anyhow. When they're apart he sends letters to her in English, which he dictates to a New Mexican friend. Mabel's letters to Tony are read to him. She has never attempted to learn his Indian dialect and it's probably just as well: a philologist went to Taos several years ago, intending to compile a native grammar, and left after three months, completely discouraged by the acquisition of fifty-eight personal pronouns.

Tony's full name is Antonio Lujan; almost all the Pueblo children are baptized at an early age by Spanish priests, and are accordingly given Spanish names. The discrepancy in spelling between his surname and his wife's is attributable to her resentment of her Eastern friends' mispronunciation of Lujan, which is pronounced "Luhan." Tony has an Indian name, too, but has never told his wife what it is, being reserved about Indian affairs practically to the point of complete silence. "In the beginning I used to ask him about things like that," Mrs. Luhan told us, "but he never answered." She doesn't mind this a bit; Tony lives his life, she lives hers (and writes about it), and everything is amicable. She has never been inducted into his tribe and maintains that such honorary gestures have no significance among Indians—only among newsreel editors and Republican Presidents. She does have an Indian name, though, which Tony gave her long ago: White Hawk. She once named a horse after Tony.

In New York, Mr. Lujan will wear regular city clothes; in Taos he wears a blanket and devotes himself to the tribe's affairs and to farming. "He is always in a field," Mrs. Luhan said. He also hunts, bagging such local game as deer, quail, duck, elk, and antelope, most of which the household eats along with chickens, turkeys, apples, plums, pears, and numerous green vegetables that it raises. Tony gets on reasonably well, his wife said, with her artistic and literary friends, but if he is bored with any of them, "he just fades away." His chief purpose in coming East is to see the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington, John Collier, who is an old friend of the Luhans, or Lujans. Mr. Collier got his job in 1933, partly



"Promise you'll wait for me. I want something real to come back to."



"I'm going to take the bœuf en papillotes maître d'hôtel. If I don't use my French, it grows rusty."

• •

because Tony went to Washington and convinced both President Roosevelt and Secretary Ickes that Collier was the Indians' friend. Tony will stop off in Washington on this trip to discuss Indian business with Collier and Ickes; Mrs. Luhan thinks he is probably going to ask them to give his tribe a flour mill.

Gone

THE Grace Hayes Lodge, an inn in Hollywood, has nothing so banal as the words "Men" and "Women" on the doors of the retiring rooms. The ladies retire through a door marked "Scarlett," with a silhouette of a Southern belle on it, and the men's-room door bears a male silhouette, and the name "Rhett." Fair enough.

Liberal Regime

SINCE we last reported on the campaign conducted by the Fifth Avenue Association against motion and noise in window displays, there has been a change of policy. Walter Hoving, the head of Lord & Taylor's, has for the past five months been president of the Association, and under his guidance it has veered noticeably to the left. Lord & Taylor's, of course, has always been a rebel, persisting with its Christmas displays of huge swinging bells in the face of criticism from the conservative element of the Association. However, at the first meeting presided over by Mr. Hoving, the members adopted a resolution flatly saying, "Any use of sound that can be heard on the street is against the policy of the Fifth Avenue Association," and last Christmas the Lord & Taylor bells swung in silence, without benefit of sound effects. Four window decorators on the Avenue have tentatively defied the decree against sound, but only one of them for more than twenty-four hours. He was W. B. Okie, Jr., of Marcus & Co., who for a week played classical recordings as theme music for jewelry displays; upon the Association's request that he not do it again he lapsed into silence. Motion in Fifth Avenue windows, instead of being completely ruled out, is open to consideration. The Association now invites decorators to submit their plans for using motion; if they're really artistic, it's O.K. by the Association.

The Association still has no absolute authority to enforce its rules, but has taken a step in that direction by persuading some property owners along the Avenue to write its rules into their leases. This dodge was the ultimate defeat of an old offender, a beauty-salon lady who kept in her window an animated figure of a girl drum major in shorts; she's moving soon, and the new landlord made her sign a lease eliminating the drum majorette. I. Miller recently asked permission to have a window full of live parrots, against a tropical setting, but the Association wouldn't grant it. Dorothy Gray was allowed to have several little rocking horses in motion ("Make Beauty a Hobby"), but a cutlery store got an emphatic thumbs down on its notion for a Christmas display—an animated Santa Claus, laughing and shaking his sides. De Pinna has just received permission to have live goldfish in its windows, goldfish evidently being considered more artistic than parrots.

The Association's window-display staff consists of Miss Jean McLaren, formerly a free-lance decorator, and an assistant. At Christmas time, two extra assistants are taken on. When Miss McLaren gets wind of an infringement, she goes directly to the executives of the store and gives them a nice talking-to. If this doesn't work, Mr. Hoving writes a letter, and if the offender is still unrepentant, the Association tries to get some of the store's customers or supply houses—if any of them are members—to write; this usually works. The most delicate problem Miss McLaren's office has yet had to settle was the question of whether the Singer Sewing Machine people could have a girl sewing in their window and a girl pointing to sentences on a chart to describe each operation of the machine. The final ruling was that it would be all right to have the girl and machine, but not the girl and pointer. By a liberal interpretation of the word, a girl sewing could be considered artistic, or anyway sort of homelike.

Book Chat

BROWSING through that tax-free heaven of culture, the Morgan Library, a young student we know heard a man asking a guard for Miss Belle da Costa Greene, the librarian. The guard said that Miss Greene was busy at the moment, helping a man from one of the newspapers gather facts for a story. Being interested in the inside workings of journalism, our student hunted around until he caught up with Miss Greene, who was in the company of a small, depressed man with baggy pants. She was taking him from showcase to showcase, pointing out important exhibits. "Now, here's an item that should be mentioned," she said. "It's the original manuscript of Pope's 'Essay on Man.'" Wanly interested, the reporter fumbled in his pockets for pencil and paper. "Which pope?" he asked.

Jagel's Campaign

MR. FREDERICK JAGEL, the veteran tenor of the Metropolitan Opera, is so violently opposed to "The Star-Spangled Banner," on aesthetic and patriotic grounds alike, that he has, single-handed, organized the New National Anthem Club, with the object of providing us with a new one. The club, which receives its mail at Steinway Hall, has issued a pamphlet explaining its aims, patriotically printed in red and blue inks on white paper, and has invited the public at large to submit verse and music for a new national anthem. We went backstage at the Met one night last week to ask Mr. Jagel how his campaign was working out. Mr. Jagel, a jolly man of medium size and age, said things have been going slowly. The club has gained no members since its formation, and the charter membership consists of just Jagel himself. Twenty-five original candidates for the new national anthem have been submitted, with such titles as "America, Our Land," "Our Dear Flag," "The Battle Hymn of Justice and Right-Living," and "My Beloved America." "They aren't what I hoped for," Jagel told us. One suggestion, which gave him a terrible shock, was that in the event of Finland's defeat by Russia we might take over "Finlandia."

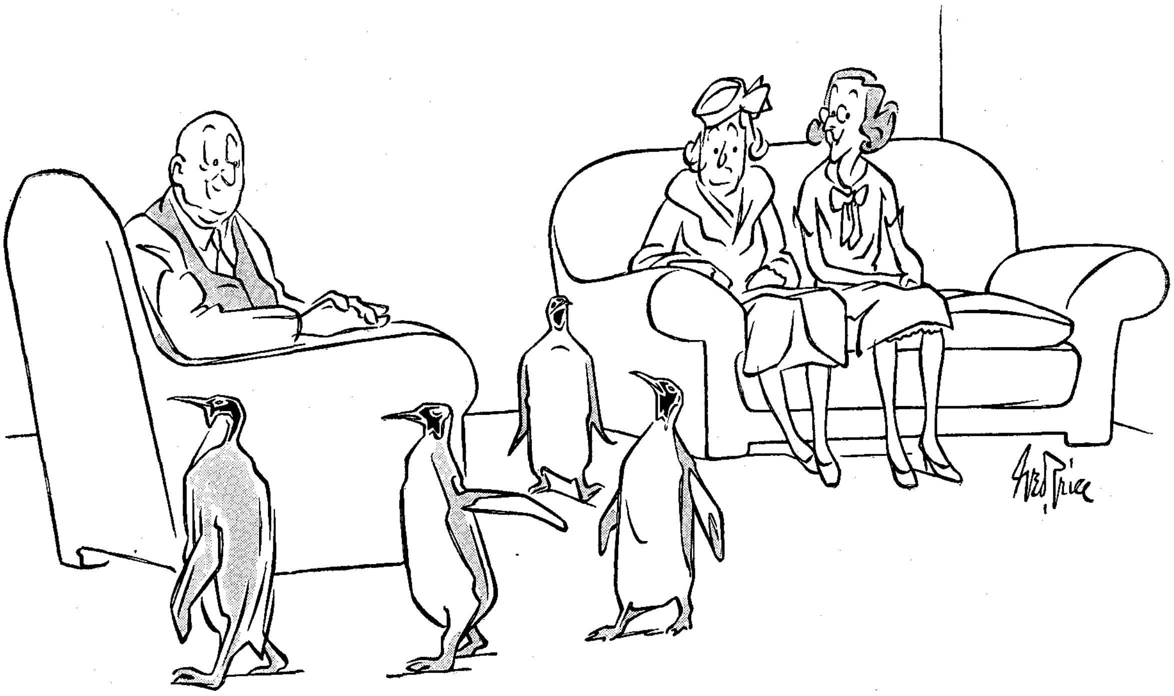
Jagel's dislike of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is only a year and seven months old and came upon him in Buenos Aires. His family has been in America for three generations, and for the first forty-one years of his life he had not reacted one way or the other to the anthem. Then, two summers ago, he happened to be in Buenos Aires, appearing with an opera company, and was asked by the American Ambassador, Alexander Weddell, to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" at a Fourth of July party. Jagel lightheartedly agreed, but was surprised and displeased to find the verse awkward and difficult to memorize, the music labored, and the sentiments expressed, in his judgment, much too martial. He sang it, however, giving it all he had, and was well received. When he got back home he did some library work, and his discovery that "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written to the tune of an old drinking song solidified his idea that something should be done. "The lyrics remind us of an old, dead enmity with Great Britain, and the music is unspiritual in origin," he said, quoting, in support of the latter statement, the original lyric, which ends thus: "I'll instruct you like me to entwine the myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine." Jagel has nothing against winebibbing or Venus, but he thinks they're out of place in a patriotic hymn.

Jagel always stands at attention while "The Star-Spangled Banner" is being played. "No one likes taxes," he explained to us, "yet Americans pay them because it is the law. I obey the law, while doing my utmost to have it repealed—that is the American way." Last March, Congressman Fred L. Crawford (Rep., Mich.) denounced Jagel on the floor of the House for his campaign, remarking, "Mr. Jagel may be able to sing high notes, but he has struck a new low in patriotism." Jagel responded to this by appealing in person to Speaker Bankhead to allow him to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" on the floor of the House, as rebuttal. Bankhead said no. Right now Jagel's ambition is to persuade Edgar Lee Masters and Ferde Grofé to write words and music for an anthem. He's sure it would be a better team than Francis Scott Key and the long-forgotten composer of the tune which was originally called "To Anacreon in Heaven."

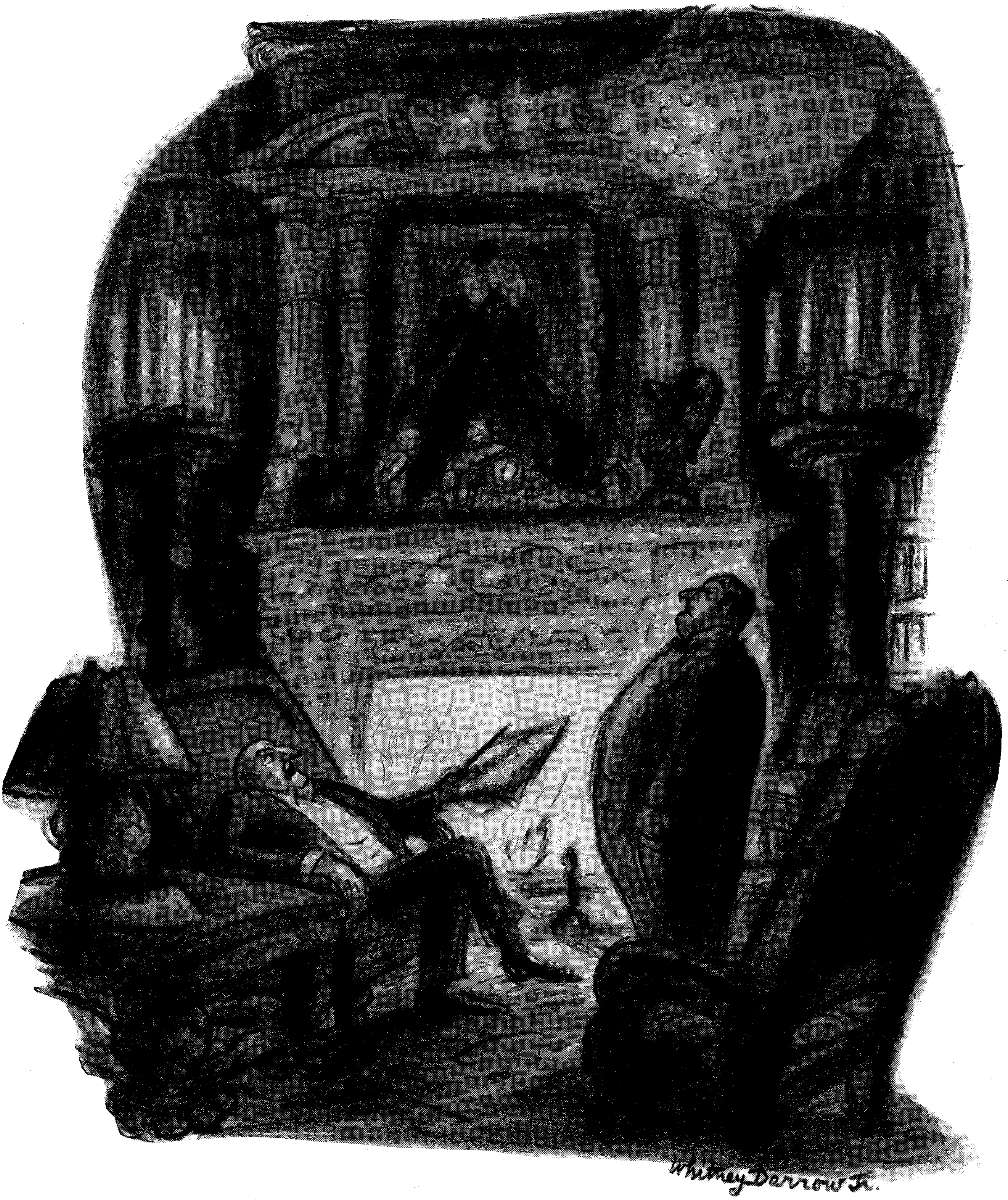
In the current Melchior-Flagstad vs. Leinsdorf squabble, Jagel is as strongly for Leinsdorf as he is against you know what. "It distresses and angers me to see him under fire by singers, who are entirely out of their province in questioning the decisions of the management," he says.

Initiation

A YOUNG lawyer, who has only recently passed his state bar exams and hung out his shingle, got his first client last week and had to appear on his behalf at City Court, before Judge Parella. A fledgling attorney's first court appearance is as big an occasion for him as a young surgeon's first incision, and this fellow waited with bridelike excitement for his case to be called. When the word finally came, he laid his hat and coat on a bench and stepped up before the Judge. "Young man, I assume that this is your first experience in this court," the Judge said, sternly. With that awful what-have-I-done-wrong feeling, the lawyer said, "Yes, sir." "I thought so," Judge Parella said, fretfully. "Before we proceed, get your hat and coat and put them where you can watch them."



"He likes the patter of tiny feet."


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"I'm through with the paper, Roberts. Take it out and sell it."

INFLEXIBLE LOGIC

WHEN the six chimpanzees came into his life, Mr. Bainbridge was thirty-eight years old. He was a bachelor and lived comfortably in a remote part of Connecticut, in a large old house with a carriage drive, a conservatory, a tennis court, and a well-selected library. His income was derived from impeccably situated real estate in New York City, and he spent it soberly, in a manner which could give offence to nobody. Once a year, late in April, his tennis court was resurfaced, and after that anybody in the neighborhood was welcome to use it; his monthly statement from Brentano's seldom ran below seventy-five dollars; every third year, in November, he turned in his old Cadillac coupé for a new one; he ordered his cigars, which were mild and rather moderately priced, in shipments of one thousand, from a tobacconist in Havana; because of the international situation he had cancelled arrangements to travel abroad, and after due thought had decided to spend his travelling allowance on wines, which seemed likely to get scarcer and more expensive if the war lasted. On the whole, Mr. Bainbridge's life was deliberately, and not too unsuccessfully, modelled after that of an English country gentleman of the late eighteenth century, a gentleman interested in the arts and in the expansion of science, and so sure of himself that he didn't care if some people thought him eccentric.

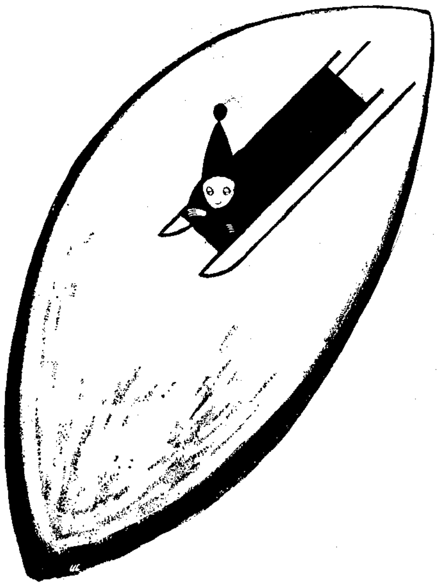
Mr. Bainbridge had many friends in New York, and he spent several days of the month in the city, staying at his club and looking around. Sometimes he called up a girl and took her out to a theatre and a night club. Sometimes he and a couple of classmates got a little tight and went to a prizefight. Mr. Bainbridge also looked in now and then at some of the conservative art galleries, and liked occasionally to go to a concert. And he liked cocktail parties, too, because of the fine footling conversation and the extraordinary number of pretty girls who had nothing else to do with the rest of their evening. It was at a New York cocktail party, however, that Mr. Bainbridge kept his preliminary appointment with doom. At one of the parties given by Hobie Packard, the stockbroker, he learned about the theory of the six chimpanzees.

It was almost six-forty. The people who had intended to have one drink and go had already gone, and the people who intended to stay were fortifying themselves with slightly dried canapés and talking animatedly. A group of stage and radio people had coagulated in one corner, near Packard's Capehart, and were wrangling about various methods of cheating the Collector of Internal Revenue. In another corner was a group of stockbrokers, talking about the greatest stockbroker of them all, Gauguin. Little Marcia Lupton was sitting with a young man, saying earnestly, "Do you really want to know what my greatest ambition is? I want to be myself," and Mr. Bainbridge smiled gently, thinking of the time Marcia had said that to him. Then he heard the voice of Bernard Weiss, the critic, saying, "Of course he wrote one good novel. It's not surprising. After all, we know that if six chimpanzees were set to work pounding six typewriters at random, they would, in a million years, write all the books in the British Museum."

Mr. Bainbridge drifted over to Weiss and was introduced to Weiss's companion, a Mr. Noble. "What's this about a million chimpanzees, Weiss?" he asked.

"Six chimpanzees," Mr. Weiss said. "It's an old cliché of the mathematicians. I thought everybody was told about it in school. Law of averages, you know, or maybe it's permutation and combination. The six chimps, just pounding away at the typewriter keys, would be bound to copy out all the books ever written by man. There are only so many possible combinations of letters and numerals, and they'd produce all of them—see? Of course they'd also turn out a mountain of gibberish, but they'd work the books in, too. All the books in the British Museum."

Mr. Bainbridge was delighted; this was the sort of talk he liked to hear when he came to New York. "Well, but look here," he said, just to keep up his part in the foolish conversation, "what if one of the chimpanzees finally did duplicate a book, right down to the last period, but left that off? Would that count?"



"I suppose not. Probably the chimpanzee would get around to doing the book again, and put the period in."

"What nonsense!" Mr. Noble cried.

"It may be nonsense, but Sir James Jeans believes it," Mr. Weiss said, huffily. "Jeans or Lancelot Hogben. I know I ran across it quite recently."

Mr. Bainbridge was impressed. He read quite a bit of popular science, and both Jeans and Hogben were in his library. "Is that so?" he murmured, no longer feeling frivolous. "Wonder if it has ever actually been tried? I mean, has anybody ever put six chimpanzees in a room with six typewriters and a lot of paper?"

Mr. Weiss glanced at Mr. Bainbridge's empty cocktail glass and said drily, "Probably not."

NINE weeks later, on a winter evening, Mr. Bainbridge was sitting in his study with his friend James Mallard, an assistant professor of mathematics at New Haven. He was plainly nervous as he poured himself a drink and said, "Mallard, I've asked you to come here—Brandy? Cigar?—for a particular reason. You remember that I wrote you some time ago, asking your opinion of . . . of a certain mathematical hypothesis or supposition."

"Yes," Professor Mallard said, briskly. "I remember perfectly. About the six chimpanzees and the British Museum. And I told you it was a perfectly sound popularization of a principle known to every schoolboy who had studied the science of probabilities."

"Precisely," Mr. Bainbridge said. "Well, Mallard, I made up my mind . . . It was not difficult for me, because I have, in spite of that fellow in the White House, been able to give something every year to the Museum of Natural History, and they were naturally glad to oblige me. . . . And after all, the only contribution a layman can make to the progress of science is to assist with the drudgery of experiment. . . . In short, I—"

"I suppose you're trying to tell me that you have procured six chimpanzees and set them to work at typewriters in order to see whether they will eventually write all the books in the British Museum. Is that it?"

"Yes, that's it," Mr. Bainbridge

said. "What a mind you have, Mallard. Six fine young males, in perfect condition. I had a—I suppose you'd call it a dormitory—built out in back of the stable. The typewriters are in the conservatory. It's light and airy in there, and I moved most of the plants out. Mr. North, the man who owns the circus, very obligingly let me engage one of his best animal men. Really, it was no trouble at all."

Professor Mallard smiled indulgently. "After all, such a thing is not unheard of," he said. "I seem to remember that a man at some university put his graduate students to work flipping coins, to see if heads and tails came up an equal number of times. Of course they did."

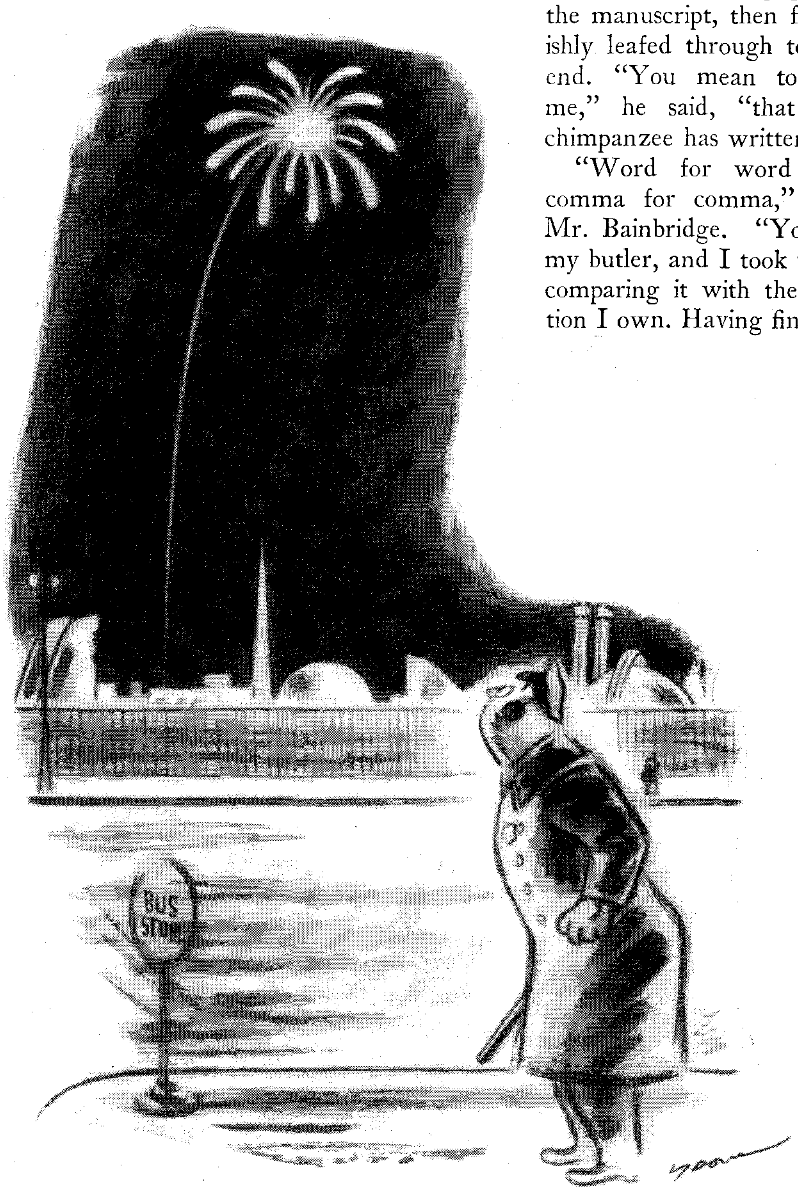
Mr. Bainbridge looked at his friend very queerly. "Then you believe that any such principle of the science of probabilities will stand up under an actual test?"

"Certainly."

"You had better see for yourself." Mr. Bainbridge led Professor Mallard downstairs, along a corridor, through a disused music room, and into a large conservatory. The middle of the floor had been cleared of plants and was occupied by a row of six typewriter tables, each one supporting a hooded machine. At the left of each typewriter was a neat stack of yellow copy paper. Empty wastebaskets were under each table. The chairs were the unpadded, spring-backed kind favored by experienced stenographers. A large bunch of ripe bananas was hanging in one corner, and in another stood a Great Bear water-cooler and a rack of Lily cups. Six piles of typescript, each about a foot high, were ranged along the wall on an improvised shelf. Mr. Bainbridge picked up one of the piles, which he could just conveniently lift, and set it on a table before Professor Mallard. "The output to date of Chimpanzee A, known as Bill," he said, simply.

" ' "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens,' " Professor Mallard read out. He read the first and second pages of the manuscript, then feverishly leafed through to the end. "You mean to tell me," he said, "that this chimpanzee has written—"

"Word for word and comma for comma," said Mr. Bainbridge. "Young, my butler, and I took turns comparing it with the edition I own. Having finished 'Oliver Twist,' Bill is, as you see, starting the sociological works of Vilfredo Pareto, in Italian. At the rate he has been going, it should keep him busy for the rest of the month."



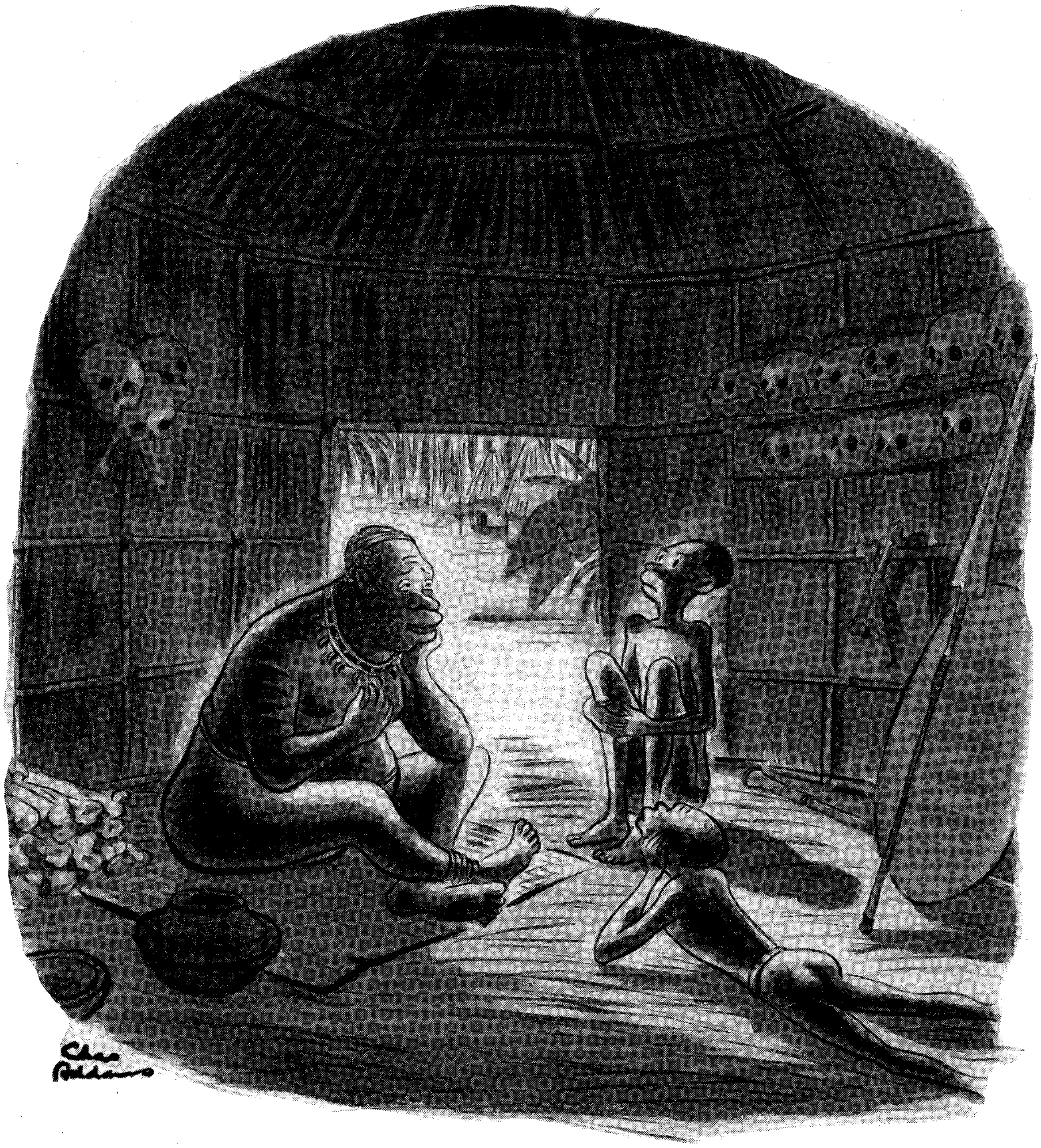
"And all the chimpanzees"—Professor Mallard was pale, and enunciated with difficulty—"they aren't all—"

"Oh, yes, all writing books which I have every reason to believe are in the British Museum. The prose of John Donne, some Anatole France, Conan Doyle, Galen, the collected plays of Somerset Maugham, Marcel Proust, the memoirs of the late Marie of Rumania, and a monograph by a Dr. Wiley on the marsh grasses of Maine and Massachusetts. I can sum it up for you, Mallard, by telling you that since I started this experiment, four weeks and some days ago, none of the chimpanzees has spoiled a single sheet of paper."

Professor Mallard straightened up, passed his handkerchief across his brow, and took a deep breath. "I apologize for my weakness," he said. "It was simply the sudden shock. No, looking at the thing scientifically—and I hope I am at least as capable of that as the next man—there is nothing marvellous about the situation. These chimpanzees, or a succession of similar teams of chimpanzees, would in a million years write all the books in the British Museum. I told you some time ago that I believed that statement. Why should my belief be altered by the fact that they produced some of the books at the very outset? After all, I should not be very much surprised if I tossed a coin a hundred times and it came up heads every time. I know that if I kept at it long enough, the ratio would reduce itself to an exact fifty per cent. Rest assured, these chimpanzees will begin to compose gibberish quite soon. It is bound to happen. Science tells us so. Meanwhile, I advise you to keep this experiment secret. Uninformed people might create a sensation if they knew."

"I will, indeed," Mr. Bainbridge said. "And I'm very grateful for your rational analysis. It reassures me. And now, before you go, you must hear the new Schnabel records that arrived today."

DURING the succeeding three months, Professor Mallard got into the habit of telephoning Mr. Bainbridge every Friday afternoon at five-thirty, immediately after leaving his seminar room. The Professor would say, "Well?," and Mr. Bainbridge would reply, "They're still at it, Mal-



"I'm an old man, lads, and about all I have now are my memories."

lard. Haven't spoiled a sheet of paper yet." If Mr. Bainbridge had to go out on Friday afternoon, he would leave a written message with his butler, who would read it to Professor Mallard: "Mr. Bainbridge says we now have Trevelyan's 'Life of Macaulay,' the Confessions of St. Augustine, 'Vanity Fair,' part of Irving's 'Life of George Washington,' the Book of the Dead, and some speeches delivered in Parliament in opposition to the Corn Laws, sir." Professor Mallard would reply, with a hint of a snarl in his voice, "Tell him to remember what I predicted," and hang up with a clash.

The eleventh Friday that Professor Mallard telephoned, Mr. Bainbridge said, "No change. I have had to store the bulk of the manuscript in the cellar. I would have burned it, except that it probably has some scientific value."

"How dare you talk of scientific value?" The voice from New Haven roared faintly in the receiver. "Scientific value! You—you—chimpanzee!" There were further inarticulate sputterings, and Mr. Bainbridge hung up with a disturbed expression. "I am afraid Mallard is overtaxing himself," he murmured.

NEXT day, however, he was pleasantly surprised. He was leafing through a manuscript that had been completed the previous day by Chimpanzee D, Corky. It was the complete diary of Samuel Pepys, and Mr. Bainbridge was chuckling over the naughty passages, which were omitted in his own edition, when Professor Mallard was shown into the room. "I have come to apologize for my outrageous conduct on the telephone yesterday," the Professor said.

"Please don't think of it any more. I know you have many things on your mind," Mr. Bainbridge said. "Would you like a drink?"

"A large whiskey, straight, please," Professor Mallard said. "I got rather cold driving down. No change, I presume?"

"No, none. Chimpanzee F, Dinty, is just finishing John Florio's translation of Montaigne's essays, but there is no other news of interest."

Professor Mallard squared his shoulders and tossed off his drink in one astonishing gulp. "I should like to see them at work," he said. "Would I disturb them, do you think?"

"Not at all. As a matter of fact, I usually look in on them around this time of day. Dinty may have finished his Montaigne by now, and it is always interesting to see them start a new work. I would have thought that they would continue on the same sheet of paper, but they don't, you know. Always a fresh sheet, and the title in capitals."

Professor Mallard, without apology, poured another drink and slugged it down. "Lead on," he said.

It was dusk in the conservatory, and the chimpanzees were typing by the light of student lamps clamped to their desks. The keeper lounged in a corner, eating a banana and reading *Billboard*. "You might as well take an hour or so off," Mr. Bainbridge said. The man left.

Professor Mallard, who had not taken off his overcoat, stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at the busy chimpanzees. "I wonder if you know, Bainbridge, that the science of probabilities takes everything into account," he said, in a queer, tight voice. "It is certainly almost beyond the bounds of credibility that these chimpanzees should write books without a single error, but that abnormality may be corrected by —*these!*" He took his hands from his pockets, and each one held a .38 revolver. "Stand back out of harm's way!" he shouted.

"Mallard! Stop it!" The revolvers barked, first the right hand, then the left, then the right. Two chimpanzees fell, and a third reeled into a corner. Mr. Bainbridge seized his friend's arm and wrested one of the weapons from him.

"Now I am armed, too, Mallard, and I advise you to stop!" he cried. Professor Mallard's answer was to draw a bead on Chimpanzee E and shoot him dead. Mr. Bainbridge made a rush, and Professor Mallard fired at him. Mr. Bainbridge, in his quick death agony, tightened his finger on the trigger of his revolver. It went off, and Professor Mallard went down. On his hands and knees he fired at the two chimpanzees which were still unhurt, and then collapsed.

There was nobody to hear his last words. "The human equation . . . always the enemy of science . . ." he panted. "This time . . . vice versa . . . I, a mere mortal . . . savior of science . . . deserve a Nobel . . ."

WHEN the old butler came running into the conservatory to investigate the noises, his eyes were met by a truly appalling sight. The student lamps were shattered, but a newly risen moon shone in through the conservatory windows on the corpses of the two gentlemen, each clutching a smoking revolver. Five of the chimpanzees were dead. The sixth was Chimpanzee F. His right arm disabled, obviously bleeding to death, he was slumped before his typewriter. Painfully, with his left hand, he took from the machine the completed last page of Florio's Montaigne. Groping for a fresh sheet, he inserted it, and typed with one finger, "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Chapte . . ." Then he, too, was dead.

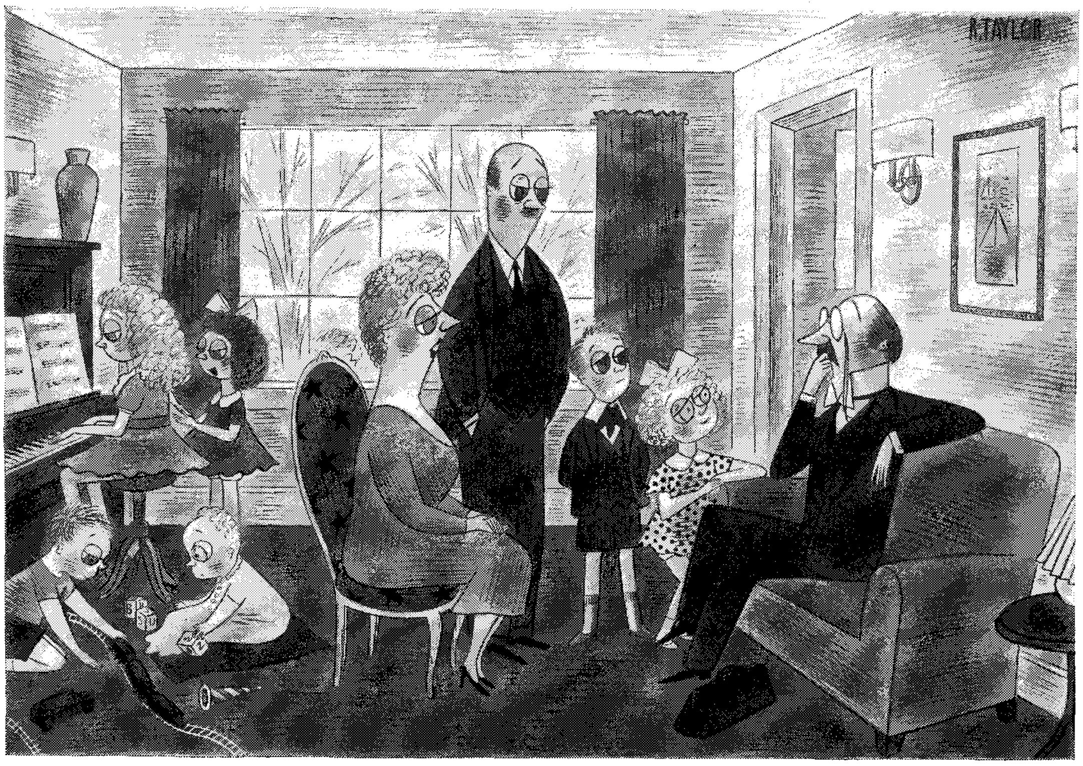
—RUSSELL MALONEY

THE ERLOFF

FRIEND TED:

IN my prevous communicaton I informed you how I guess it was some critic of singing set fire to the joint I was singing in and I was out of a job. I am only kidding about the place being set fire by a music critic because what I hear the singing in Chicago does not have any high standards to acheive (sneeze when you say that Pal). They tell me it is been going on for years but I only just heard about the singers here, how what you do is get some guy that his idea of music is when he heard them sticking the little pigs in their throat down at the stock yards, which is plenty loud and plenty high (especially high at the stock yards if you get what I referring to and hold yr. nose at that gag). That is their idea of music and the 1st thing you know they are knocking themselves out indevouring to sign some baby that sings loud and high and sign her up to sing opera. At but all the moola a week anybody can spend not excepting I. Had I but known of this at an earlier age I would of made the nessary preparatons and arrangements and wd. be a soprano now at plenty moola a wk. instead of being somewhere between Frankie Parker outdoors on a rainy nite and the Groaner giving an imitaton of a cry of joy or scared of a mouse.

I told you I had this deal with my ex-boss, 50 a wk to go around the other joints and make an appearance so the public wd not forget me until my boss opened up again. Well I had this little mouse, a very nice little spivot that belong to the college crowd at the Northwestern U. I think you played a job there two yrs ago at a "prom" so you know about it. They have some nice mice out there and she was one. I had her out this nite and over came a chap I say hello to occasionally, and he is a member of the Saddle & Cycle Club. Alright I am kidding you and this is 1939 or 1940 (I have not got it straight yet) and they do not have any club name the Saddle & Cycle only they do!!! 1940! Anyway this is a rich playboy type of a chap and kind of an Ed. Arnold type. He does all the talking so I do not have to tell him any lies and when he saw me and this mouse he said to join him as they are going slumming. Slumming was what he said and slumming was what he meant. From one of the top rooms in Chi we go bang to a joint that is a joint. The mouse with me is strictly no cigar and the daughter of a small town banker in Indiana and have a summer home up in Mich. and I am thinking of next summer when I take her out. So she is not the one I would of pick to go with me to a joint like the one we went. But she said she wanted to go and when I said yes her guess was as good as mine where we were heading. Strictly a bruhaha. But Sat. nite! This guy that took us is well known or else I would of turned around the minute we got there. In we go. Wide open like a movie of a mining camp town. An ugly old hag of an Irish lady is yelling for help altho using the words of I Want the Waiter with the Water and accompanied by maybe her uncle or maybe her son, a man that should of been in bed hrs ago. I am not kidding. He thumped out the bass and drank his beer at the same time and it was not on purpose. I mean it was not a gay 90 gag. They were leveling. So pretty soon our party got seated at our table and this little old guy came over and I tho't here is an old guy and in a minute he is going to take out a piece of rope and ask the gentlemen to tie him up and inside of 2 mins. he will be free. That was what he looked like. But when he came over to our table Preston stood up and shook hands with him and introduced everybody to him and told him to sit down which he did. Well his name was Paddy Dunlin and all he is is the owner of the joint. Not only of this particular joint but about 50 other ones. I do not wish to get ahead of my story but in plain words the old corpse has girls anywhere from two bits to whatever you want to pay for. And the face of a saint as they say. Anyway he sat down next to me and had a beer on Preston and when the other members of our party got up to dance, he looked me over and then he whispered to me "What about the erloff." I said what a couple times. I finally caught on that he was asking me what about



"We've intended to ask you about it for some time, Doctor, but never got around to it."

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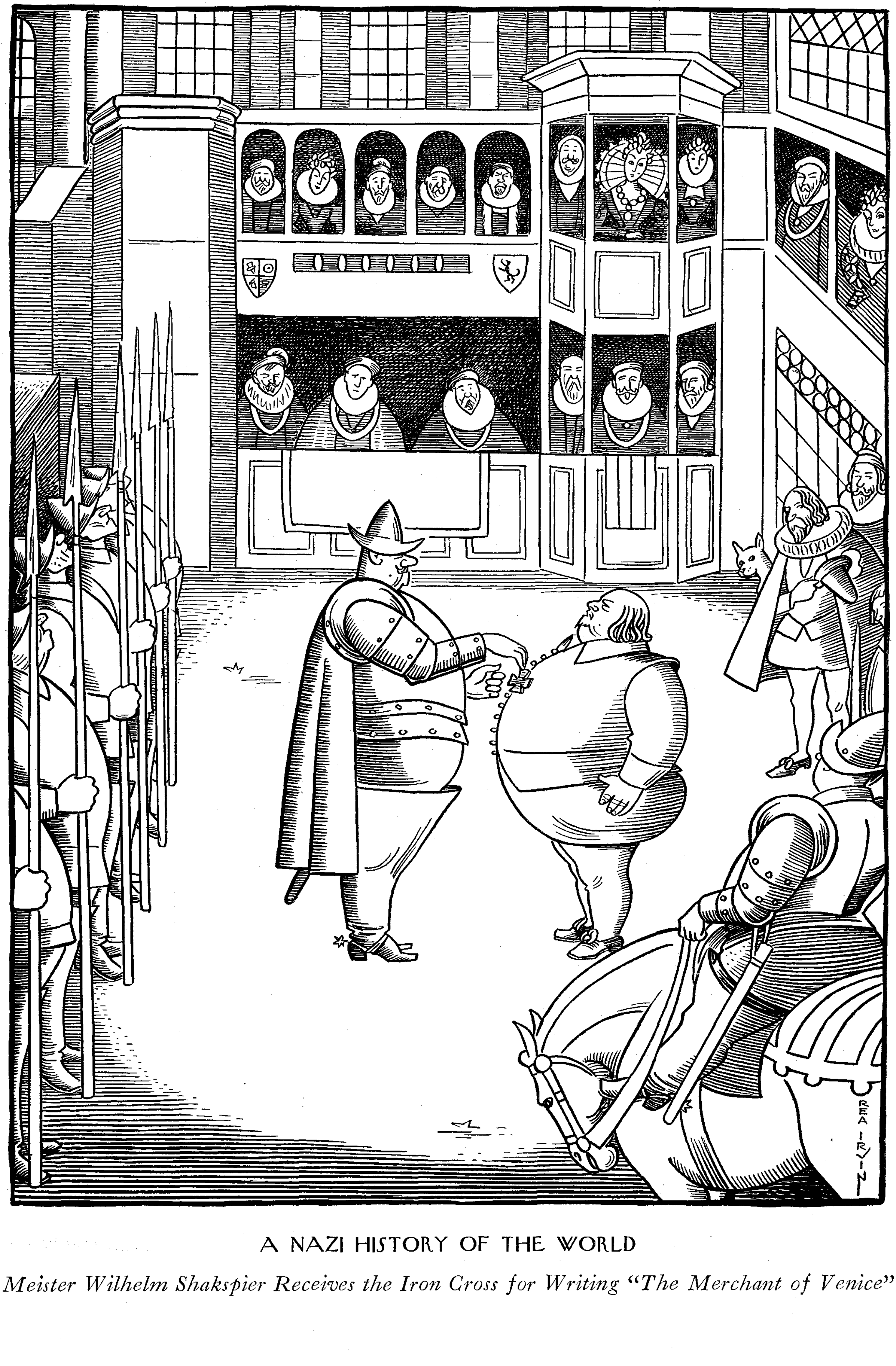
the little mouse. Oh, nothing, I said. "Slumming" he said. Then he said "What do you think of the erloff" and this time I did not say what but watched him. He made a gesture with his head and his expresson and that meant he was asking me what did I think of the joint. I stalled to think of something and he had to go away to answer the phone and Preston came back to the table and gave me some facts on the old guy. He said I was not in Chi long enough to know about him. He said the old guy was over 70 and was running joints from the time he was 21 yrs of age. There was a story around that when they had that bank holiday one of the railroad cos had to come to the old guy for cash. He had over 2 million in cash. Hotels, railroads, all the respectable big cos had to come to him for cash. He said (Preston) how for yrs every morning the sisters came around and collected choice meats like steaks & chops etc. that was left over from the nite before, and took it away and gave it to the poor. Also potatoes and salad and red beets etc. Also butter and bread. The works. Every single morning. He was always good for a roof on a church just as long as it was Catholic. He buried thousands of people that would of been buried in the potter's field if he did not get up the dough. Charity after charity. But then they gave an order that nobody was to take any more from the old guy. It made him sad and he almost began hitting the sauce, but his elderly wife would not allow him in the house with booze on his breath so he just did not drink.

I listened attentively because Preston was paying for the party but if you want the truth I was bore to death with Preston and with his old charachter. That was what Preston called him a fascinating old charachter. To me he was a dirty old man with a lot of moola. I was even thinking rapid calculation how much it would cost to take my little mouse out to her sorority house by taxi instead of waiting till Preston decide to take us home and just then the old man returned from his phone call. He must of got a big order from some Amer. Leg. conventon because he was smiling when he sat down with us.

The old dame got up again and began horse-whipping The Lamp is Low. Dunlin said to me "How do you like the erloff" and I said fine. Great I said. "Right" he said. "She is been with me fifteen yrs." And I thought to myself yes and you must of looked her over a long long time before hiring her too. Her and the band been with me 15 yrs he said. I said that was wonderful these days to have such loyalty going on but to myself I tho't yes you all stick together to keep warm like old cows out on the range during a blizzard. I had a look at the band. He had them hid behind some palms but there was one old guy playing cornet that looked as if he was worried for fear that the Confederates wd catch him for being a deserter. "The erloff, they like the erloff" said Dunlin. Everything was erloff with this decrept old bore and I was thinking to myself 2 million cash or no 2 million cash, old man or no old man, he is driving me nuts so I am going to break a 5 dollar bill over some hack driver's head and take my little mouse home in a taxi but I am glad I didn't because just then the old man says to me "Of course in the Loop you got a different erloff Joey." I said what? "The erloff, he said. They like noise here and that's the way I like it. You would just as well come wearing a shell if you ever took a job in a spot like this, that is how big an egg you would lay. But the class people that go to the rooms you been working in like hardly any noise at all." Well he called me Joey and I was figuring all the while he tho't I was a Cycle Club boy but no. He made me the minute he saw me, as the detectives say. He said he understood I was a sock the last 2 rooms I worked and right out in front of the little mouse he said 100 a wk was not enough for a handsome young chap that could put over a ballad and have the women with their tongue hanging out. "Don't worry, he said when you open up again you will be getting one five o. You also have a nice personality for that kind of a room." I said I certanly would apprisiate him giving me a plug with the owners and he looked at me and said "Are you kidding? *I* own that joint." Then he got up and walked away and I was too surprise to think for a minute and tho't I plumbered it but we have opened up again in another room and I am getting one five o. The erloff Pal.

Always your
PAL JOEY
—JOHN O'HARA

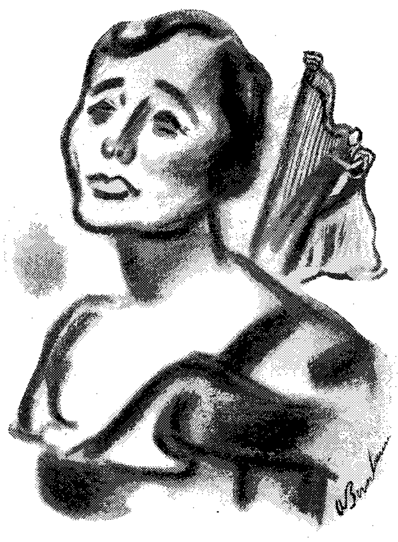


A NAZI HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Meister Wilhelm Shakspier Receives the Iron Cross for Writing "The Merchant of Venice"

PROFILES

THE HARP LADY



Mildred Dilling

Mildred Dilling probably cares more about the harp than anyone else in the world does. "My ambition," she once told a friend, "is to get everyone playing the harp again." This formidable aim is motivated in part by a firm if illogical conviction that people are tired of listening to amateur pianists after dinner but that nobody would be bored by a harpist, no matter how indifferently he might play. Miss Dilling, who is an extraordinary harpist herself and the only person in this country to make an extremely profitable career out of solo harp recitals, is not deterred in the pursuit of her crusade by the fact that the harp seems unlikely to become a universal instrument. Nor is she bothered by the common assumption that lady harpists should be content to be placed on the fringe of a large, masculine orchestra and allowed to contribute only an occasional unobtrusive glissando to the total effect. It has perhaps never occurred to her that in a small way she is helping to defeat her own purpose by reducing the number of harps available to the public. There are about four thousand in the country, and of these she has already amassed thirty-two, almost all of which she keeps in the living room of her apartment at 400 East Fifty-second Street. It is undoubtedly the most concentrated and impressive private collection of harps in existence, but its owner is not overwhelmed by this distinction. "Nobody else wants to collect harps," she says.

Miss Dilling began to collect them on October 30, 1929. She was then in London, since she goes to Europe every summer to give some of the eighty annual concerts that, along with harp teaching at twenty dollars an hour, keep her yearly income in the neighborhood of $10,000. She had just finished a lucrative series of seventeen concerts in three weeks when her broker cabled that the proceeds of many previous concerts had vanished overnight. Miss Dilling, disillusioned about securities, resolved to put her money into something that only atmospheric changes could warp. She marched into an antique shop in Kensington and bought, for £10, a one-hundred-year-old Burmese bow harp she had been eying covetously for several weeks. Since then she has been acquiring harps whenever she has felt she had enough money saved up. The most expensive pieces in her collection aren't antiques at all but the large harps she uses in her concerts. They are made in America by Lyon & Healy, are six feet two and a half inches tall, weigh eighty and a half pounds, have forty-seven strings, cost her $2,100 each, and, on account of the wear and tear on the pedals employed to make sharps and flats, become unfit for concert use after five years' service. She keeps her retired harps to practice on. Miss Dilling buys most of the harps in her collection herself and is known around antique stores as "The Harp Lady," but her friends have also added to her collection. Some years ago, when she was crossing the English Channel and was unhappily confined to her berth, a steward brought in a bulky package. It turned out to be a valuable English carriage harp—the type that fashionable ladies of the eighteenth century used to play while taking a spin—which a friend had sent to the ship as a bon-voyage present. Miss Dilling hopped out of bed, strummed a couple of chords, and immediately felt well enough to go up on deck. She keeps this harp on a bookcase now. Others hang on walls and stand in corners of her apartment. On gala occasions there may be as many as six large concert harps lined up in the middle of the living room, looking like a big golden fleet in drydock.

CONTEMPORARY man, Miss Dilling believes, should rush to the side of the harp not only because there are too many pianists but also because the harp has, except during a few dark and cultureless ages, almost always been at the side of man. David is noted for having played it to Saul in Biblical days, and a harp which antedates even that ancient recital has recently been discovered. Several years ago, when the tomb of Queen Shub-Ad, a Chaldean lady who died around 3500 B.C., was excavated, it was found to contain not only four harps but four harpists. In relatively modern times, harp players have been treated with more consideration, and in a few old English and Scottish courts heavy fines were imposed on anyone who assaulted a harpist and injured his fingernails. The harp is supposed to have originated when a primeval huntsman, noticing that his bowstring gave off a pleasant-sounding twang as he pulled it, added a second string for variety's sake.

The instrument has since been refined considerably, two of the most important innovations being the front column, which increases the harp's strength and staying powers, and the pedals. The latter were devised in 1810 by Sébastien Erard, a famous French harpmaker. There are seven of them, one for each note in the scale, and every pedal has three positions, something like a gearshift lever—which means that a harpist, without distracting the audience's attention from his hands, must somehow contrive to make, all told, as many as twenty-one maneuvers with his feet. The front column was thought up by the Irish, who have been harpists for more than two thousand years, and they sometimes gave it the shape of a graceful nude woman. This decorative scheme was questioned on moral grounds by the early Christians, who decided to remove all of the lady but her head, which was left perched on top of the column. In time the head turned into the crown which now surmounts most harps. Miss Dilling likes to say, in a brief lecture she often throws in with a recital, that the crown indicates the queenliness of her instrument. She does not mean by this that a harp must be formal and austere. "It is the most subtle and intimate instrument a musician can play," she says, explaining that on a piano any number of mechanical things can happen between the time a finger strikes a key and a hammer strikes a string, whereas, playing a harp, the musician is practically a part of the works. In action, Miss Dilling demonstrates this point convincingly, nestling close to her instrument, touching the sounding board with her

rather prominent chin, and seemingly rubbing her cheek against the strings in the uppermost octave whenever they produce an unusually satisfying sound.

Miss Dilling's collection includes an African harp, a Mexican harp, a couple of Irish harps, a Welsh harp, and a Scandinavian minnesinger's harp, which is her oldest, dating back to the sixteenth century. It is not in very good playing condition. Her favorite is one designed by Cousineau, a French craftsman whose clients included Marie Antoinette. Another of her harps belonged originally to Karl von Loesen, a young man who left Germany in the eighteenth century because his father, the burgomaster of Hamburg, disapproved of musical careers and wanted his son to be a burgomaster. Herr von Loesen came to America, where he changed his name to Charles Loss and was appointed Surveyor of New York in 1798. His recompense for this job was an eighty-acre tract of land which extended north and east from a point which is now the corner of Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue. He considered this acreage so worthless that he jumped at the chance of trading it for a decent bit of farming land out near Rahway, New Jersey. Years later, when Miss Dilling offered to buy his harp from his descendants, they were still so enraged by anything reminding them of their ancestor's miscalculation that they practically thanked her for taking the instrument off their hands.

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In 1930, when the collection was beginning to take shape, Miss Dilling got what seemed at first to be an inspired idea. It was to have her pupils give a concert in which they would use her old harps. Furthermore, she thought it would be novel to have each harp played by someone racially sympathetic to it. She had the harps reconditioned and hired an auditorium at Steinway Hall. She had a couple of French girls play on French eighteenth- and nineteenth-century harps. She induced Daphne Bayne, a reasonably Irish pupil who has since become the wife of Harry Bull, the editor of *Town & Country*, to play "The Londonderry Air" on a Dublin harp. She got a girl who she felt probably had some Welsh blood to perform on a complicated Welsh harp, which had three sets of strings—one to be manipulated by the right hand, one by the left, and one by either hand whenever the opportunity presented itself. The last item on the program was to have been a rendition of "The Lost Chord" on an ancient Burmese harp by a pupil who not even by the widest stretch of his own splendid imagination could be said to have any Burmese blood, Harpo Marx. He took sick at the last minute and couldn't appear, but even a healthy Harpo wouldn't have helped much. The instruments were so weak and decrepit that nobody sitting back of the third row could hear a note.

Harpo came into Miss Dilling's life in 1928, when the Marx Brothers were appearing locally in "Animal Crackers." She was in a music store trying out Poenitz's "Music Box" on a new harp when the comedian walked up and said, "Lady, learn me that." Miss Dilling, taken aback by the directness of this approach, agreed, and was overjoyed when she discovered who he was. This chance meeting has since been used for all it was worth in publicity issued by Miss Dilling's managers, who, like their client, never hesitate to make the most of her acquaintance with Harpo, but have tactfully amended his opening remark to "Lady, teach me that." Miss Dilling, as soon as she took Mr. Marx in hand, discovered that he was appallingly ignorant of harp technique. For years he had played exclusively, if engagingly, by ear, but he had never taken a lesson. Miss Dilling began to learn him fingering, and Harpo was so terrified by this procedure that, for a while, once his fingers were properly placed on the strings, he refused to budge them. Later he started to enjoy his lessons and insisted upon continuing them even when he was in Hollywood. He would telephone Miss Dilling at midnight, forgetting that it was three o'clock in New York, and draw his harp close to the mouthpiece so she could listen to him practicing. In order to correct mistakes, she had to drag her harp across the room to the phone and play back to California. Once Harpo called while she was not only in bed but suffering acutely from poison ivy, which she told him about with some bitterness. "Who poisoned you?" asked Harpo with dreamy politeness, and went on playing.

INTERIM

When the radio is quiet; when the last edition
   Features only the milder disaster,
The tenement fire, the rape, the missing heir,
   The barber killed by the falling plaster;

When there are no headlines at midnight; when
   The bulletins hold no fresh alarm
Save the graft exposure, the fraud, the double suicide,
   The corpse unearthed on the upstate farm;

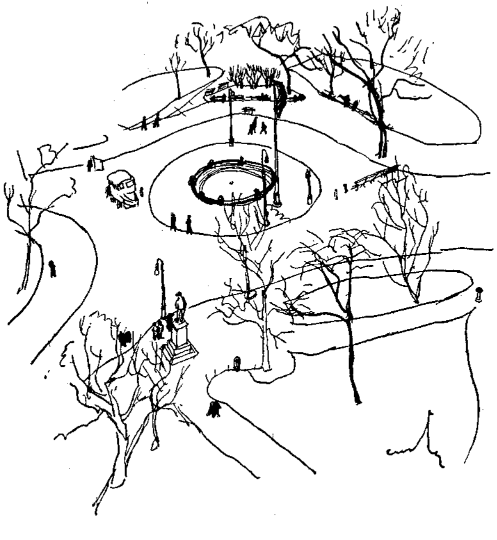
When we are safe or we think we are;
When the hour strikes and there is nothing new
But the gangster killing, the shooting star,

The bank failure, the prison riot—
Then I turn in the dark and I lean toward you,
Shaken at the strange, unnatural quiet.

—Alfred Hayes

• •

Miss Dilling, who is in her thirties, likes to think of herself as an old-fashioned girl, partly because she dislikes alcohol, tobacco, and coffee, partly because her blonde hair is long enough to sit on. In public she regularly wears it in a braid coiled around her head, topped off by ringlets. These conservative traits are balanced, however, by her enthusiasm for dancing. She has studied toe- and tap-dancing, among other kinds, and it is one of the major tragedies in her relatively unruffled life that shortly after she had perfected the Charleston she had a chance to do it with the Prince of Wales at a houseparty in Scotland and had to decline because of a concert. Dancing the Charleston with the Prince of Wales, if she had done it, would undoubtedly have made the front pages in her birthplace, Marion, Indiana, where she is hailed with much the same acclaim that home-towners give the winning pitcher of a deciding World Series game. Her father was Frank Dilling, a candymaker who moved his business from Marion to Indianapolis when Mildred was a small girl. The firm he founded is still going, one of its best-selling numbers being a chocolate candy with Cupid playing a harp stamped on it. Mr. Dilling thought this up soon after he started paying for harp lessons, when Mildred was twelve. Her mother was fond of the harp herself, having in her own childhood astounded her family by leaving home one day to follow an itinerant harp-and-violin team along the highway. Mildred, who began to study the piano when she was six, had been promised a harp for her sixteenth birthday, but four years before that began to cry so heartily at the conclusion of each piano lesson that her family bought her an Erard harp which had formerly belonged to Commander Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army. Its base was coated with dried mud and the Dillings suspected that it had been used at street-corner meetings. Mildred's sister, Charlene, was studying the violin. Later she was married to a Chicago businessman and became the owner of a famous Stradivarius known as the Sylvester. The sisters have given several joint recitals, one of them at Herbert Hoover's home in Palo Alto.

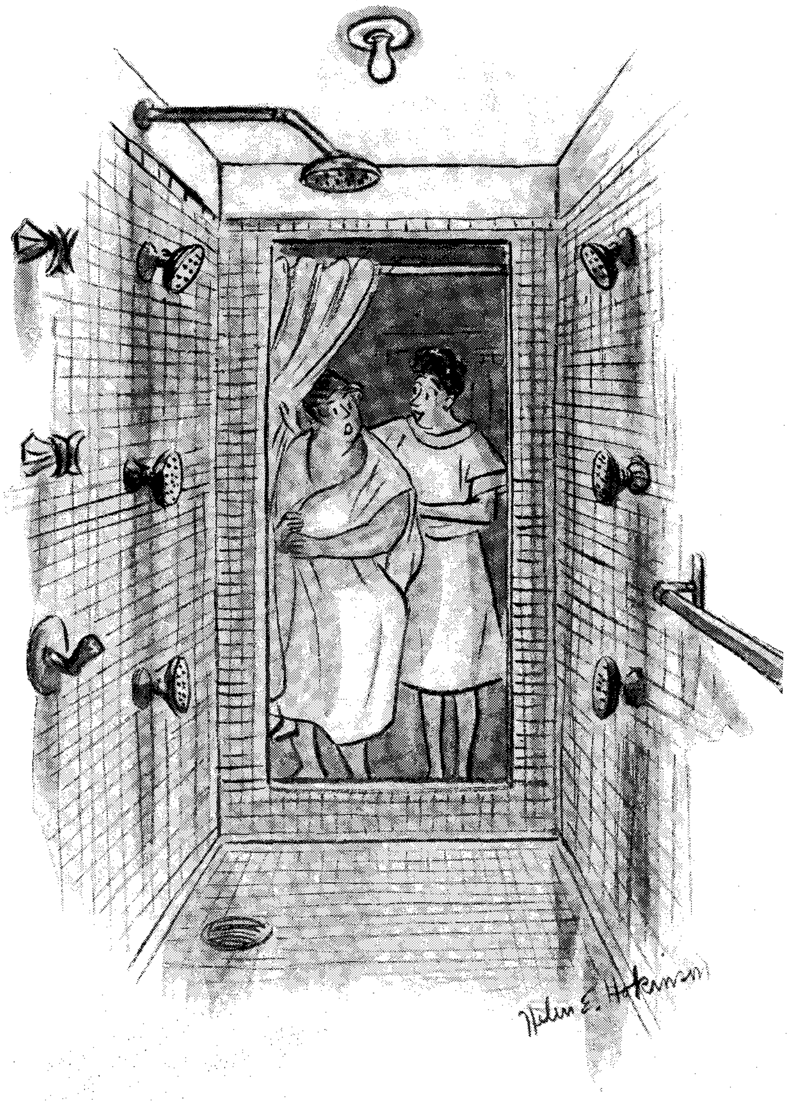


In Indianapolis, Mildred went to a private school, Knickerbocker Hall, where she was captain of the basketball team and won a few medals in archery, although she didn't consciously associate bows with harps then. Three of her neighbors were Booth Tarkington, James Whitcomb Riley, and Meredith Nicholson, for all of whom the Dilling sisters played after school hours. Years later, on Indiana Day at the New York

World's Fair, one speaker went so far as to say that Indiana had "repaid the debt she owed her Puritan and Cavalier progenitors . . . in poetry with James Whitcomb Riley, who plucked each string of the human heart just as our Mildred Dilling plucks the strings of her harp." But even this flowery tribute pales beside that uttered by a lady columnist in the Marion *Leader-Tribune*. "Little did we think," she wrote, recalling Miss Dilling's birth, "that in the years to come those tiny pink fingers would thrill the whole civilized world and bring pleasure to hundreds of thousands of music-lovers."

MISS DILLING'S fingers today are covered with calluses, of which she is almost as proud as she is of the strength of her hands. She once compared her digital muscles with those of a major-league baseball player she met at a party, and found to her delight that hers were undeniably the tougher. Only her little fingers have escaped rough treatment; harpists find them as extraneous as tea-drinkers do and often use them to give the same genteel effect. When Miss Dilling left Indianapolis for New York, her fingers were not very strong. At that time, she planned to go to Vassar. This notion was abandoned in favor of further study on the harp. She lived with her mother, who was then separated from her father, on Morningside Drive. While staying there, she got her first professional break—a job playing on Sundays at the Central Presbyterian Church on Fifty-seventh Street. She received fifty dollars a month. Later she played at both morning and afternoon services, and her pay was doubled. When the church moved to Park Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street, she went along. She still plays there occasionally. She has also occasionally provided the music for weddings and funerals.

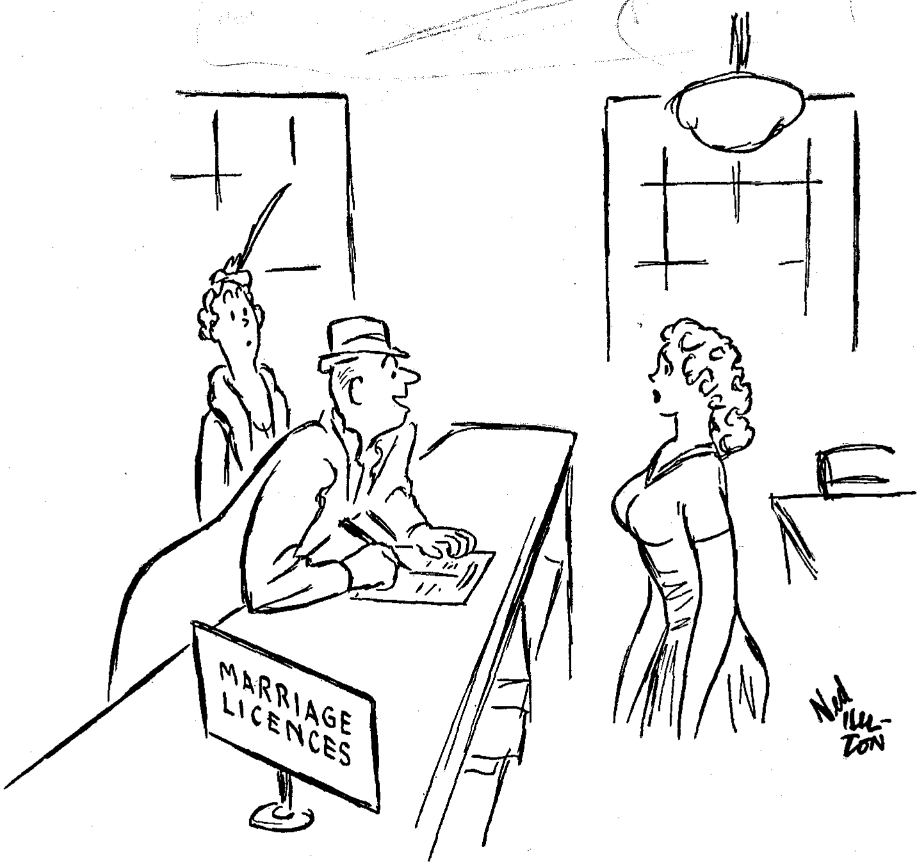
Miss Dilling did her most important studying in Paris, under Henriette Renié, the leading harpist of Europe. While still a young student, Miss Dilling played in a few stately Paris homes, thereby acclimating herself to the atmosphere she would be exposed to in later years, when she played at London musicales before such folk as Leslie Hore-Belisha and Neville Chamberlain, whose tastes in music, at least, ran along the same lines. Shortly after she made her European début in Paris, she was engaged for three concerts with Yvette Guilbert at the Trocadéro, the largest concert hall in France, and with Mlle. Guilbert she later went on a tour of England, France, and Germany. Miss Dilling's débuts have had pleasant enough aftermaths, but they have tended to be catastrophic. Her first concert in Indianapolis was marred by the untimely appearance of a bat, which wandered into the concert chamber and tried to escape by flying through the harp. Possibly her most trying experience happened at Aeolian Hall when she was rehearsing for her first Manhattan recital. She was so alarmed by the unceremonious manner in which two workmen were carrying her precious harp down the aisle that she rushed forward on the stage to admonish them and stepped right off the platform into Row A of the orchestra. She escaped injury, she says, because at school in Indianapolis she and her classmates had been taught, for reasons then not apparent to them, to jump off high places and land safely, like cats.



"Now you mustn't holler before you're hurt, Mrs. Madison."

SINCE the early twenties, Miss Dilling has established all sorts of records. She was the first person to give a harp recital in London since the days of John Thomas, the court harpist of Queen Victoria. She was the first American musician of any kind to be sent by the British Broadcasting Corporation on a tour of all its stations. She was the first harpist to play on the radio in Ireland. She was the first harpist to be televised in England. Her greatest triumph occurred in the fall of 1934, when she organized the first harp sextet to play in the Radio City Music Hall, and she was pleased that soon after this occasion the Music Hall began using a picture of the sextet on its souvenir postcards.

Miss Dilling's most notable record is that she has played seven engagements at the White House. She started with President Harding and hasn't missed any of his successors. President Coolidge rewarded her efforts with a grin as wide as any Democratic ward leader's, and some of his aides confided to the harpist later that they'd never seen the Chief



"What are you doing tonight?"

• •

smile like *that* before. President Roosevelt has heard her twice in the White House, and she played for President Hoover three times. To make one of these appearances before Hoover, Miss Dilling had to survive an incident embarrassing enough to have prostrated some artists. Shortly after she arrived in Washington that time, the secretary to the late Ike Hoover, the White House major-domo, telephoned to ask her if she'd send the keys to her harp case over, so that Mr. Hoover could unlock it and set the instrument up. "Oh, don't bother the President with a little thing like that," said Miss Dilling, fluttering modestly.

Her first big cross-country tour came in 1924, when she travelled for a whole season with four male singers who called themselves the de Reszke Quartet after their teacher, Jean de Reszke. She accompanied some of their numbers and played solos. She began to make the rounds with them the following year but halfway through the season yielded her spot to Will Rogers, who was more popular than a lady harpist even though he couldn't accompany a quartet. Since 1937, Miss Dilling has made an annual winter tour of the country under the auspices of Columbia Concerts Corporation, a subsidiary of the Columbia Broadcasting System. This winter her schedule calls for sixty-five scattered appearances. She will wind up in Havana, where her popularity is such that after one concert there a few years ago some Cuban admirers presented her with a harp made of gardenias. This fell apart before she could add it to her collection. While touring, Miss Dilling carries her concert harp in a seven-foot case so roomy that it can also hold the small, ancient harps she uses to illustrate her lectures and most of her clothes.

THE European war has forced Miss Dilling, who likes to perform on foreign soil every summer, to look around for new territories, and she is considering going to Australia next summer. All told, she spends less than six months a year in her New York apartment, which she shares with her harps, a colored maid, and an incredible number of what might be called objets d'harp: closets full of harp music which she tracked down in the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale, had photostated, and then discovered wasn't really worth playing; sets of china and lampshades decorated with pictures of harps; books about harps and books dear to her though they contain no more than a single drawing of a harp; and small harp curios, such as a Mexican figurine of a tiny harpist who is supposed to move about violently when a live fly is put in a hole in his head. Miss Dilling has never seen this knickknack in operation, because, as she rather ruefully told one friend who inquired about it, "I have never been able to catch a fly." Two of the books—"Old Tunes for New Harpists" and "Thirty Little Classics for the Harp"—she got together herself five years ago, feeling that there was no suitable anthology for beginners. They have sold well.

When in town, Miss Dilling gives occasional lessons to some fifteen pupils, although teaching upsets her because her most talented apprentices usually get married and lose all interest in harps. Miss Dilling has a high regard for youth, however, since many of her recitals have been given at schools. Ten years ago she performed at the Hill School, and this concert was so enthusiastically mentioned at a subsequent headmasters' conference that she was invited to Taft, St. George's, Groton, Hotchkiss, Miss Spence's, Miss Porter's, and other fashionable academies. When Miss Dilling plays at the Hotchkiss Commencement this June, it will be her sixteenth appearance at the school in the last eight years. Her appeal to schoolboys rests, partly at least, on her rich and dependable fund of Harpo Marx stories. Once she told the boys at Hill how Harpo had deposited a wad of chewing gum on the under side of her harp bench, and added, pointing to it, that she kept it there for good luck. Shortly after the concert a few mischievous urchins sneaked up and stole the gum. Miss Dilling was peeved when she discovered the crime and protested to the school. After a sharp lecture on manners from the Head, the boys who were responsible for this offence inserted a wad of gum in a bottle and anonymously mailed it to Miss Dilling. Nobody will ever know whether the gum she got back was chewed by a Hill boy or a Marx Brother. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

Governor A. Harry Moore was caught in a traffic mix-up at the station and was taken to the wrong platform. He had a farewell piece ready to speak but had to convey his good wishes by calling across the train shed. State Chairman Joseph F. Fitzgerald of the President's Fund Committee was in charge of the arrangements. —*The Times.*

Sounds more like Elsa Maxwell.

THE THEATRE

ADD WATER AND BOIL

Elmer Rice's morality play called "Two on an Island" is a work of wonderfully expert and rapid selection. The people who get up successful anthologies usually have the same gift, and so, I suppose, have the young ladies responsible for what goes into a box of assorted chocolates. Anyway, it is all there: something to make almost everybody happy, hardly anything to make anybody sick. If it is love you're after, Mr. Rice will give you love—young, pure, tormented, and triumphant. If it is the sight and sound of Manhattan, he will take you for rides in taxicabs, subways, and even on a rubberneck bus; hand in hand with him you can explore artists' studios, producers' offices, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and Joe's Coffee Pot. You can even enter the brainpan of the Statue of Liberty. If you want a message, the message here is that this is a tough town for beginners, but you will never regret standing up for your ideals. There is also a certain amount of villainy, pathos, humor, and irony. Altogether I don't know where a man could expect to get more for his money, except possibly in a Sixth Avenue shooting gallery.

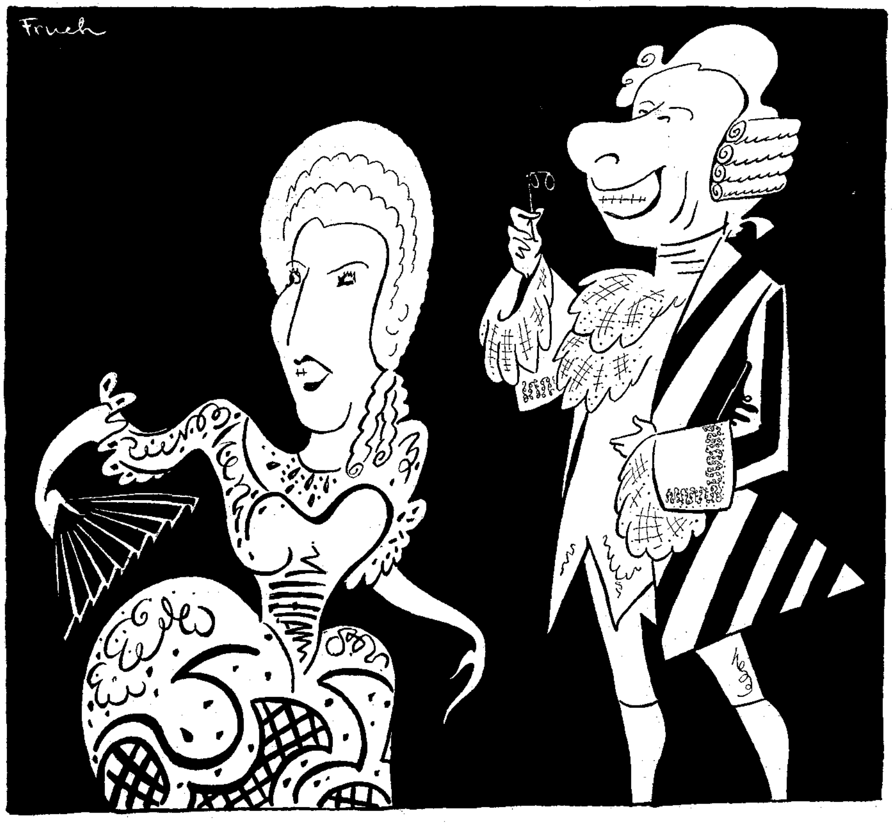
The trouble with Mr. Rice in this instance, I guess, is that he's been going to the theatre too much. The characters on view at the Broadhurst, with one or two exceptions, have been hanging around the stage for years—several of them dating as far back as a play called "Street Scene"—and to a certain extent they have lost the strong impact of novelty. Among other old friends, you will meet the artist who paints pretty girls in bathing suits while dreaming of Gauguin, the producer who produces drawing-room comedy while dreaming of Chekhov, the dilettante agitator from Park Avenue, the club lady who can explain art, the philosophical taxi-driver, the young woman slumming in a fur coat, the sailor, the prostitute, the drunk, and even, I regret to say, the man filling in the crossword puzzle. The hero and heroine themselves are little more than the embodiment of Youth and Hope, and have, in general, an air of playing in a sequel to "Our Town." Mr. Rice could undoubtedly tell William Saroyan a great deal about the tidy construction of a play, but he could learn a lot from him when it comes to the invention rather than the reiteration of character.

I don't mean, by any of this, that you won't like "Two on an Island." Mr. Rice may be up to old tricks, but he does most of them very well, with a nice instinct for fresh detail and, of course, a remarkable ear for the clichés and elisions and terrible refinements of our urban speech. You may even feel (though I can't) that it is wise to suggest to young men and women that it takes little more than chastity and persistence to get ahead in New York. You may, in fact, love the whole darn thing. I would only like to say mildly that I was rather disappointed, both in Mr. Rice and the Playwrights' Company, and certainly came away with no disturbing new thoughts in my head.

The cast is large, able, and lovingly directed by the author. Most of my admiration went to Luther Adler, who played the wicked producer with so much weary grace that it was hard to see how Betty Field could reject him in favor of John Craven, a good young man, but on the stolid side. Jo Mielziner's many settings seemed to me more mannered than was absolutely necessary, but then I happen to come from a very literal-minded family.

On the night when most of my fortunate and sporty friends were watching Henry Armstrong beat the ears off a fighter called Pedro Montanez, I found myself imbedded in the play known as "Young Couple Wanted." By some dismal coincidence, this was another study of the difficulties of young love, and if I were asked to furnish a description of it to ornament the marquee of the Maxine Elliott, I think "winsomely inept" are the words I would choose. Jed and Catherine want to get married, but, because the capitalist system makes no provision for the basically unemployable, they can't. Instead they live together in Greenwich Village, planning to manufacture a product made out of grapes and peanuts. In the end . . . but for some reason I find that I am disinclined to go on with all this. Armstrong won by a technical knockout in the ninth. Or so they told me, late that night.

—Wolcott Gibbs



"DU BARRY WAS A LADY"

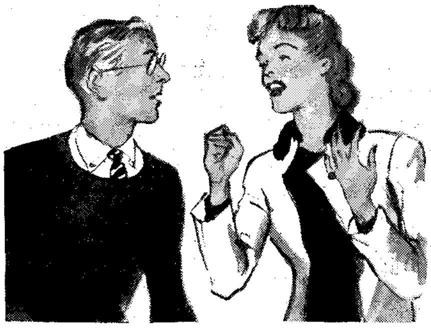
Don't be deceived by the Louis Quinze costumes on Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr. They are conversing strictly in the vernacular. At the Forty-sixth Street Theatre.

"Girls—meet the beat of my heart!"

1. **"There's more to Elmer** than you'd ever think by looking at him! He's been around for three years, but I never noticed him until one night in the campus dog wagon, where he was drinking cup after cup of steaming hot coffee!"

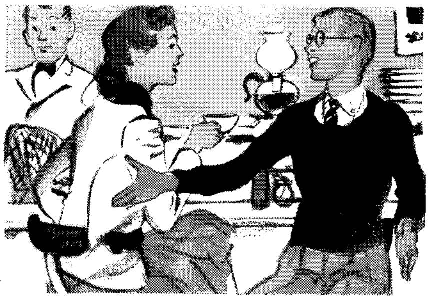
Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

2. **"'If only I were** able to do that!' I blurted, overcome with envy. 'How I'd love a cup!' Elmer, thinking I was broke, slapped down a nickel and said: 'Coffee for the lady!' 'No,' I objected. 'You don't understand!'"



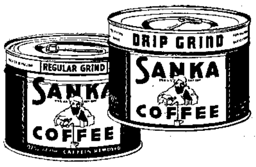
3. **"'I have exams** tomorrow, and I must get my sleep,' I explained. 'I adore coffee, but if I touch it, I shan't sleep a wink and my brain will be fuzzy! How *can* you drink so much . . . or do you *like* to stay awake?'"

4. **"'I Drink Sanka Coffee,'** said my surprising Elmer. 'A delightful brew, but it's 97% caffein-free and *can't* keep you awake! Try it!' Girls, I couldn't resist—and that Sanka *tasted* so *heavenly*, I had two cups!"



5. **"'The Council on Foods** of the American Medical Association,' Elmer told me, 'says that Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' 'Imagine knowing *that!*' I cooed."

6. **"My dears, I slept...**and I *mean*, I *slept!* Woke up feeling *glorious*, and I fairly sailed through those exams! When Elmer asked me to the Junior Prom, I said: 'Yes!'. . . for, girls, give *me* a man with brains!"



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• • •

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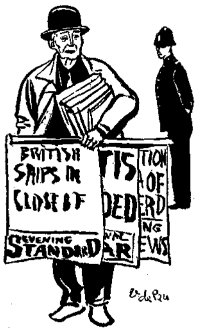
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 27 (BY CABLE)

FOR the past week the principal topic of conversation has been burst water pipes. Londoners who evacuated their households in September and forgot to turn off the water at the main have come back to find their homes awash and plumbers as eagerly sought after as butter. In between comparing notes on plumbing disasters, people have been able to divert themselves with an eight-day husband-enticement case to which most of the papers gave as much space as they did to dispatches from Finland. A pretty young Mayfair wife claimed that her husband, a second lieutenant in His Majesty's forces, had been induced by the wiles of his parents to leave her. She won $14,000 damages. One paper noted that she appeared in court on the last day of the case "in a new hat with large white flowers on the brim," her "corn-coloured curls as neat as the pasted curls of the barristers' wigs." It made nice cozy escapist reading.



A COMMITTEE headed by Sir Kenneth Clark has named the first four or five of a group of artists whose job it will be to record the wartime scene at home and abroad; the results are to be exhibited from time to time and will eventually be housed in the Imperial War Museum. The late Sir William Orpen did much of his best work in just such a capacity during the last war. The present selections are interesting because they belong to the progressive Left Wing of art and not to the conventional, academic Right. The results of the new group's trips to the front lines ought to be worth waiting for. Three of the first chosen—Rushbury, Kennington, and Roberts—were in on World War I, doing the same job. Kennington and Roberts were the illustrators of Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" and Kennington recently completed an impressive full-length recumbent marble figure of Lawrence in Arab robes which is to be a permanent memorial in the little country church in Dorset where that complex and fascinating genius lies buried, ever-recurring myths of resurrection to the contrary.

Sir Kenneth is a busy man these days. In appearance rather like a young and diffident Oxford don, he is a director of the National Gallery, a great art expert himself, and has just been appointed official adviser on film propaganda. Recently, he ducked committee meetings long enough to conduct Haydn's Toy Symphony at a mock lunchtime concert in the National Gallery, where he performed with becoming gravity although his orchestra of celebrated musicians, who were having a wonderful time tooting on penny whistles and banging kids' drums, nearly died of laughter.

QUITE a number of well-known artists are doing camouflage work in various parts of the British Isles. The other day one of them asked for permission from the Air Ministry to go up in a plane and take a peek at his handiwork, remarking that it was impossible to get any idea of its efficacy from the ground, and after a good deal of waiting about, the request was granted. The camouflage artist hurried aloft with a pilot, but before he even had time to pop his head over the side, so the story goes, there was a roar of shrapnel bursting around the plane and the two men found themselves making a hasty forced landing, badly scared and quite a bit damaged, in a field in Essex. No one, it seems, had passed on word of the flight to the men in charge of a near-by anti-aircraft battery, who gleefully scampered to gun stations and let fly when spotters reported an unidentified plane approaching. Anti-aircraft people have been on the job guarding London since August and most of them would probably sob with delight at the sight of a few Heinkels.

LORD HAWHAW, as the man who broadcasts from Hamburg in an English voice telling of supposed British losses in the war is known here, now has a revue named after him and has made the book counters with an "autobiography," told, or so it is pretended, to Jonah Barrington, who invented His Lordship's name in the *Daily Express.* Lord Hawhaw is good for a laugh anywhere. B.B.C. comedians, when short of a gag, simply ask in the familiar, slow, only slightly accented voice of the Hamburg broadcaster, "Where is the Isle of Wight?," and answer themselves by saying that the Isle of Wight has been sunk. But though Britons laugh at Lord Hawhaw, they listen to him; as a radio personality, he's far more dynamic than the majority of the

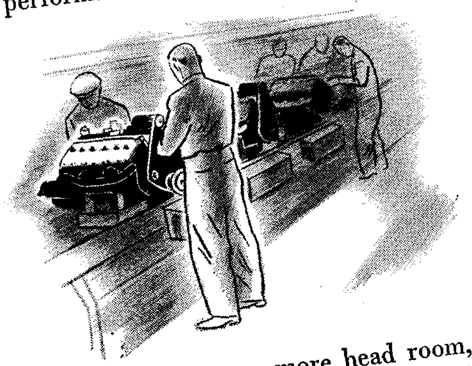
Count twelve before you decide

Down one production line, in the Lincoln precision plant, goes the famous Lincoln engine.

Down another production line, in the same plant, goes the Lincoln-Zephyr engine.

Lincoln engineers designed the one. Lincoln engineers designed the other. Standards of accuracy for the Lincoln are standards of accuracy for the Lincoln-Zephyr.

Perhaps that will explain why this "twelve," only one in its field, and developing 120 horsepower, sets new standards of performance for a medium-price car.



Have you driven a "twelve"?

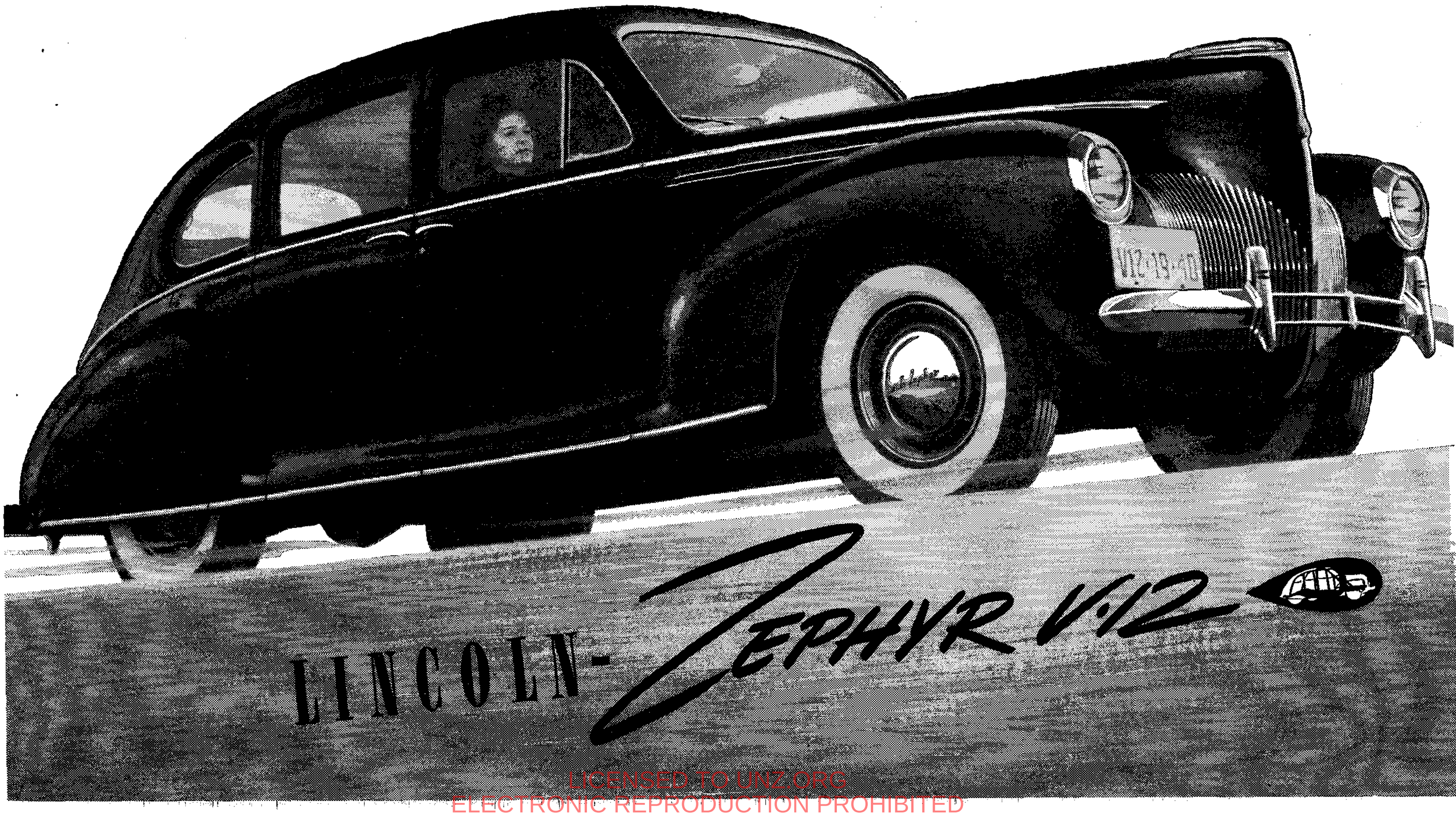
You cover stretches of country at a pace, and with an ease, that belie the schedule you'd set. You slip through traffic lightly. The engine is always quiet. More power than you need is ready for emergency.

Yet this flexible, economical "twelve" is thrifty! A trip across town or across continent will average far less gasoline than you'd anticipated.

More than ever, this year, the Style Leader is a desirable car to own. The unit-body-and-frame in closed types is enlarged to give you more head room, shoulder room and leg room. The one-piece Panorama Windshield, in Sedans, contains 105 additional square inches of glass. The Sedan luggage compartment is 30% larger. Chair-high seats invite relaxation. Hydraulic brakes answer swiftly and smoothly.

Altogether, the Lincoln-Zephyr offers a wholly unique combination of features, at medium price.

Let the courteous dealer nearby "count twelve" with you. Lincoln Motor Company, Division of Ford Motor Company.



Little things no Gentleman ever forgets

Grimy, unkept fingernails are inexcusable. Best results come from orangewood stick and emery board.

"Loud," "flashy" ties and socks are seen at racetracks, county fairs—few other places. Better avoid them.

Attention to these little details help make a man "Well Groomed"

When you meet important people—or even see them in pictures—aren't you struck by the care they devote to the details of their personal grooming?

Cleanliness, neatness, conservatism—these are things any man can cultivate. Any man, too, can indulge himself in the luxurious pleasure of Aqua Velva after shaving. Cool, refreshing—it leaves your skin pleasantly atingle—gives your face that well-groomed appearance. Buy a bottle of Aqua Velva—the world's most popular after-shave preparation.

HINT TO ELECTRIC SHAVERS—Use Aqua Velva before and after shaving for finer results.

HAVE ONE ON US! For a generous FREE bottle of Aqua Velva, write: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AA3, Glastonbury, Conn.—makers of fine shaving preparations for 100 years.

Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only
Williams
Aqua Velva
AFTER SHAVE lotion

Here's a tip

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SUPREME SMOKING PLEASURE—FOR A FEW CENTS MORE THAN ORDINARY CIGARETTES

All the satisfaction of superb tobaccos ... definite distinction ... ivory tips ... for a few pennies difference in price!

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America's Luxury Cigarette

FOR THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD 20¢ FOR THE BEST
MARLBORO

suave young men the B.B.C. puts on the air.

THE Scottish regiments have lost their kilts (the official explanation was that kilts don't protect the legs against gas burns, but there was also the equally practical reason that it's difficult to catch a louse in eight yards of pleats), and now it seems that the army's new battle dress is to go, too. Tests during the past few months have shown that the long plus-fours collect mud and that the top half of the glorified romper suit tends to ride up at the centre of the back, thus exposing the vulnerable area over the kidneys to raw winter blasts. The War Office has decided to restore the old buttoned tunic, which is both warmer and smarter, although it means correspondingly more spit and polish for the men.

AMONG the alarms and uncertainties of the present situation, the following notice strikes a calm, reassuring note. It is posted beside the swimming pool at the Royal Automobile Club in Pall Mall and says, "Members wishing to bathe during or immediately after an air raid must wear costumes or slips and are particularly requested to dry themselves and dress in their cubicles and not in the open."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

A WEDDED PAIR, IN OILS

A sullen passion flickers in his eye,
Unuttered questions curve his heavy lips.
Her narrow mouth is fixed in decorous pride,
Her hands are meek above her flaring hips.

The dark paint seems to be his element—
He seethes and pulses with a desperate fire.
She smiles, impregnable within her frame,
At the predicament of his desire.

—DOROTHEA KINGSLAND

•

Mrs. Morrill Reynolds, prominent local club woman, will be a guest speaker on the Massachusetts Federation of Woman's clubs program over WORL yesterday morning at 9:30. Mrs. Reynolds discussed the matter of "Dolls." Her talk will be devoted to antique dolls.—*Marblehead (Mass.) Messenger.*

It ought to be very interesting, wasn't it?

OF ALL THINGS

Senator Wheeler demands that F.D.R. answer yes or no to the third-term question. The President, however, is too busy these days to take part in any quiz programs.

•

At Portland, Maine, Mr. Dewey interrupted his economy talks to advocate a navy capable of defending both coasts under any circumstances. What are a few billions to a great, rich country like ours?

•

The Dies Committee got its hunting licence renewed despite claims that its chairman had been chummy with the Christian Front. Congress assumed that he didn't know it was loaded.

•

Earl Browder is running for Congress in a New York district, just as if nothing painful had happened. In the bright Communist lexicon, there is no such word as "jail."

•

Social life in our town became pretty dull last week. Practically all of our best people had gone South for the winter sports.

•

Despite the frigid weather, there are faint signs of spring. Seed catalogues and baseball schedules have appeared and Grover Whalen is putting out tender shoots.

•

Thus far, cuts made here and there in the federal budget have amounted to $127,000,000. We can be certain that Congress will find some delightful way of giving this money to the farmers.

•

A Columbia geologist tells us there is a submarine Grand Canyon a mile deep right in New York's front yard. It is so dark and wet that it has never been visited even by LaGuardia.

•

The House of Commons heard justifiable criticism of the War Office for letting General Ironside's fifteen-year-old son visit the Western Front. The boy might have caught a bad cold.

•

According to the computations of the Twentieth Century Fund, our total debts are $250,000,000,000—about as much as the national wealth. Everything we have we owe to ourselves.

—Howard Brubaker

For Distinguished Service

HONOURS OF THE
Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

Cape of Good Hope, 1806 Rolica Vimiera Corunna
Pyrenees Nivelle Nive Orthes Toulouse Peninsula
South Africa, 1846-7, 1851-2-3 Alma Balaklava
Sevastopol Lucknow South Africa, 1879 Modder River
Paardeberg South Africa, 1899-1902 Mons Le Cateau
Marne, 1914, '18 Ypres, 1915, '17, '18 Loos
Somme, 1916, '18 Arras, 1917, 1918
Cambrai, 1917, 1918 Doiran, 1917, 1918 Gaza

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Grand Prize, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

White Label 8 years old

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For distinguished service the standard of DEWAR'S *White Label* has been decorated by more than 60 medals of honour. In consequence, you can honour this seasoned veteran with your confidence . . . confident that it will not be betrayed. Command DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda . . . and be "At Ease".

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Both 86.8 Proof. Blended Scotch Whisky.
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The Medal SCOTCH of the World
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Charles of the Ritz
CREAM
REVENESCENCE
CHARLES of the RITZ
NEW YORK

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OF BLOSSOM FRESHNESS

Charles of the Ritz
Revenescence
CREAM

This amazing cream developed for the very dry or too-soft older skin, films the skin in silken transparency, gives the effect of moisture. With it, make-up appears blossom-fresh . . . skin has a finer-grained look which becomes your "skin-texture" to the world. Use day and night.

Revenescence Cream Ritz
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Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK

LETTER FROM PARIS

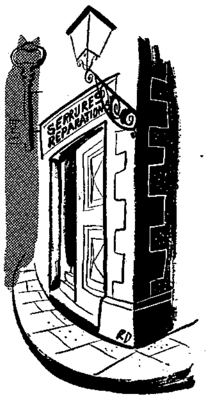
JANUARY 27 (BY WIRELESS)

PEOPLE who have lived a war for several months begin to think of it as a semi-normal state, like the chronic heart flutters of an elderly cardiac, and to forget exactly how it began or what peace was like. One of the current and most succinct reminders of the days before the war is an exhibition of Czech and Polish folk art at the Czech tourist bureau on the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. Nothing in the bureau has been changed since 1938; the paint on the walls and the ink on the posters have not had time to fade, and you feel that here is a country you would like to visit—until you remember.

On one stuccoed wall of the vestibule is painted a map of the Continent showing its great cities and urging the visitor to "Travel in Czecho-Slovakia, the Heart of Europe." Written under this, in fine, free lettering, is "Prague, a Step from Dresden and Berlin, Munich and Nuremberg, Vienna and Budapest, Cracow and the Orient." There are posters inviting Frenchmen to ski in the Tatras ("Best Snow for Experts and Beginners") and a series of little dioramas of Prague, labelled "Prague of the Hundred Towers," "Prague, City of Art," "Prague of the Baroque Gardens," and so on. People come away looking fighting mad; Czecho-Slovakia was a terrific price to pay for peace, and since the French didn't get peace after all, they feel bilked.

As for the Poles, Chopin's famous polonaise is heard more often in Paris than any of the so-called popular numbers. Everybody plays it, from Alfred Cortot to the lady accordionist at Lucienne Boyer's new night club, Chez L. No impresario puts together a revue without a mazurka number, and even vaudeville bookers now include a Chopinist with a grand piano on practically every bill. This sentimentality is not out of proportion to the French regard for Poland's achievement in the war. The one misgiving French generals have felt so far came during the first two weeks, before the country was adequately mobilized, and they are thankful to the Poles for absorbing the shock of the German divisions during that fortnight.

THE news of the week, from a local point of view, was the postponement of the closing hour for public places from eleven to midnight, which will give people a chance to have a drink after the theatre and also help the night clubs. What is more important, it will keep the whole city alive an hour later. The Métro, which until now has stopped running at eleven-thirty, will operate for an hour longer to handle the theatre crowds; incidentally, this will benefit thousands of people whose evenings have had nothing to do with the theatre, such as soldiers on leave who arrive on late trains and people visiting in neighborhoods far from home.



MLLE. BOYER's night club, in what used to be the dining room of the Hôtel Chatham on the Rue Volney, is a pink-and-white bower dedicated to Love, with a plaster-of-Paris cupid on a swing above the rostrum and *la patronne* singing "I Love You," "I Will Wait for You," "Eternalize These Sweet Instants," and winding up with "Parlez-Moi d'Amour," the theme song of the house. It is all unadulterated gush, but this is the time for such things, what with a public made up of officers on their last evening of furlough squeezing their girls' hands hard enough to last three months, and even the middle-aged wives of civilian patrons imagining themselves as Red Cross nurses and their husbands as aviators. Boyer was married last October to Georges Pills, a songwriter and a sergeant, which makes Chez L all the more satisfactory to her following.

Privates and noncoms are more likely to take their girls to the Petit Casino, a vast barrack off the Boulevard Montmartre where you can get a choice seat for eight francs and watch an endless procession of trained dogs, old-fashioned prestidigitators, low comics, and women singers who announce that their protectors beat them up but they love the brutes just the same. You may have refreshments served at your seat while you watch the show. The favorite order for young couples is a glass of cherries in brandy; the girl eats the cherries and the fellow drinks the brandy. The price, including tip, is three francs fifty centimes, which the girl usually pays, for soldiers are never expected to have any money.

NOT all Parisians are sentimentalists. The Central Sporting Club, which corresponds to the Ridgewood Grove or the Broadway Arena in New York, is packing them in off the Rue du

Faubourg St. Denis with boxing Saturday and Sunday evenings, and matinées Sundays, too. The matchmaker's task is not as hard as you might think; boxers write to him from their army posts and any two of the same weight who happen to be on leave at the same time are glad to put on the gloves at the Central. This doesn't always make for even matches, but the Central's public is indulgent as long as there is bloodshed.

Most of the soldiers think it brings them luck to wear their army greatcoats instead of bathrobes into the ring and they usually have a few rooters from their regiments in the audience. Ringsiders offer premiums to the winners, as spectators do at the Six-Day Bike Race in Madison Square Garden. Between rounds, the announcer, a reservist, will climb into the ring and shout something like "A premium of fifty francs has been offered to encourage greater activity, by M. Durand, the well-known proprietor of the bar at the corner of the Rue des Petites-Ecuries." The referees are energetic fellows who talk loudly to the combatants throughout each bout, intent on making themselves the chief actors in the drama. For their climactic histrionic effect they subject clinched boxers to a series of vigorous slaps on the back, pausing occasionally to shout "Brek!" Rounds last two minutes instead of three, and most of the boys try their best to knock the other fellow out in the first minute of each round; if they don't succeed, they just try to hang on for the second minute, and since both lads usually use the same tactics, there is a certain monotony in the pattern of combat.

PARISIANS have a knack of looking colder than anybody else on earth. Men start tying woollen scarves around their faces in what would be nice football weather at home, and girls wear snow boots in October. Now there is real justification for shivering. The French, though they are suffering, find it consoling to read how much colder it is in other parts of Europe. *L'Œuvre* had a cartoon a few days ago of two half-frozen cabdrivers, one cheerfully reminding the other, "Say, it must be really cold in Berlin now, *hein*, old fellow?"

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

GO CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT

[*From "A Sea Island Lady," by Francis Griswold*]

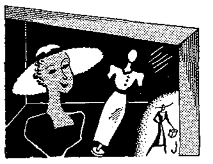
He glanced through *The New Yorker*, hoping for a slight touch of nostalgia, but all it had was a stale flat taste, like a morning-after living-room of glutted ashtrays and dead glasses.

LIPSTICK
toujours Moi
"ALWAYS ME"
Toujours Moi
CORDAY
NEW SHADES! STARDUST PINK (BLONDE) AND SPARK RED (BRUNETTE).

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PALM BEACH, JAN. 25



I AM beginning to worry over the future of Palm Beach as a centre of fashion. Will people eventually put comfort so far ahead of style that this will become known as a carpet-slipper resort? Last August, when New York shops were crying out that the wasp waist was here to stay, I wondered how Palm Beach colonists of the energetic type, who love their golf and tennis and fishing, were going to react to having their diaphragms pinched. I wondered, further, what the lazy ones would think about wearing corsets in the evening after spending their days relaxing in the sun, never having to raise a finger, much less struggle for breath.

Well, even before the season started here, the eighteen-inch-waist idea had been mortally overpublicized, but it took the great Names of Palm Beach to administer the *coup de grâce.* Came New Year's Eve and the opening of the Everglades Club, with everybody very *soignée* and glittering but not an obviously corseted figure in sight. Three weeks later came the opening of the Colony. By that time the feminine population had grown in numbers and in glamour, but the net effect of their figures was the same.

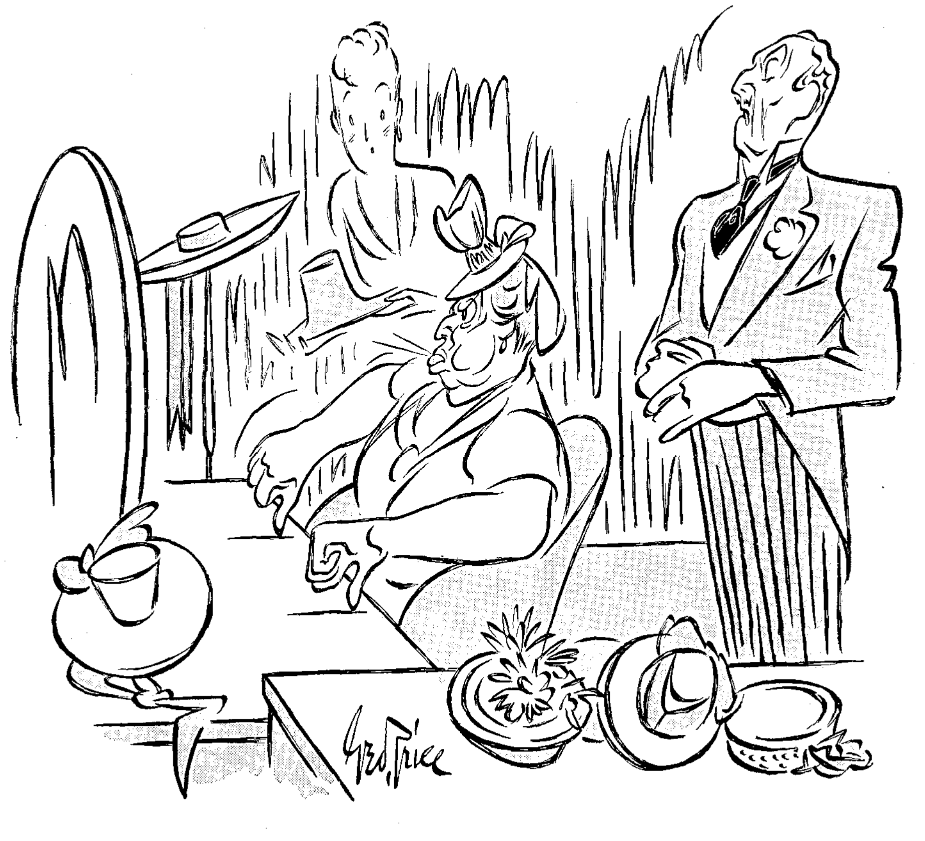
Still, there has been some compromise on the slender-waist issue: naturally slim figures are wearing one-piece dresses with very wide, set-in belts. The daytime models, which remain very short (fifteen to seventeen inches from the ground), are still rather narrow-skirted, and the dirndl is gasping its last, fleeting sigh. Evening and dinner dresses with wide belts have fullness front and back and are smooth over the hips—not rounded, as fashion writers threatened they would be. One fashion, however, is being followed, at least on cool evenings; it calls for the covered-up dinner dress with high neck and long sleeves, quite severely tailored.

Formal evening dress, on the other hand, is very feminine and soft and flattering. In a recent dinner party for twelve at the Patio, three of the women wore white, lace-trimmed, full-skirted dresses. All three were in their early thirties and there was no namby-pamby about them, but they looked like particularly well-turned-out brides.

Pajamas for dinner at home are full below the knees or pleated to resemble skirts. I would like to see harem trousers for such an occasion, but none have emerged yet. I am also disappointed in not seeing, at beaches and pools, those pinafores that look so charming on the resort-shop racks; pinafores are popular among children, but so far their mothers have shunned them. The long-sleeved, high-necked, swing-skirted play dresses, short as possible, are also going begging. However, the New York shops won't have to take back all of the stock they brought down, for two styles which are new to Palm Beach have taken hold. One is knee-length flannel shorts, wide at the knee and cuffed; at first glance they seem awkward, especially after the short shorts of other days, but a second look will convince you that they are very smart. The other success is the ballerina bathing suit, tight at the waist and gathered very full to make a tiny skirt. It doesn't do a thing for the figure, but people don't seem to care.

The white tennis dresses of last year, zipped or buttoned down the front, are still good, and I scarcely need mention slacks, for they are an institution. Well cut and tailored, slacks come in all colors and fabrics and are worn at all hours of the day. You wear any type of shoe you care to: fancy sandals, pumps that tend to cover heel and toe more than in recent seasons, shoes with wedge soles or insteps covered like a monk's, or whatever. As for hats, most heads are still bare, though turbans are around, for, I suspect, the utilitarian purpose of covering up hair-dos damaged by salt water. All the turbans have plain backs, some have tilted pancakes toward the front, and others have elaborately twisted high drapery.

HAVANA is not much more than two hours by plane from these parts, but it is a different world. This is the winter season there, and it is considered very *turista* and a social crime for Cubans *or* Americans to wear summery clothes. Cuban women wear black day and night, and silver fox is all over, no matter how hot the day. For evening, they wear French clothes and strive for effect. Evening dresses glitter with sequins or are rich in embroidery. A woman appeared in the Casino one night not long ago wearing a black dress with bluebird paillettes all over it; more bluebirds appeared on the black net veil, which she wore not like a mantilla but like a cap set back on the head, with floating drapery below. It sounds



"A simple 'yes' or 'no' will be sufficient, Madame."

Miami

awful but was really smart and effective.

AT Nassau, an even shorter run by plane, beach wear, owing to this season's mania for water skiing, has been cut down to a businesslike minimum of essentials. To accomplish this difficult version of aquaplaning, a girl wants only a one-piece elastic bathing suit and no nonsense. Clothes for morning, when everybody goes to market carrying a native basket on one arm to bring the vegetables home in, have become standardized—a cotton peasant dress and a big-brimmed Nassau straw hat. For evening, women dress as they do in Palm Beach, except that, because it is so windy, they cover their coiffures completely with carefully wound turbans. Worn with earrings, these are so becoming that most women leave them on after arriving at a party. As it happens, the turbans and fur jackets, which the wind also makes desirable, go well with a current Nassau vogue for embroidered batiste evening dresses. The one I liked best when I was there was a sheer, apricot-colored affair, embroidered all over with sprigs of brown flowers and green leaves, and having ribbon shoulder straps.

Walker Cay and Cat Cay pay no attention to fashion whatsoever. You go to these islands solely for the fishing, and the fishing is such that anything except completely functional garb looks idiotic. At Cat Cay, however, people do dress for dinner. —C. W.

AND IN NEW YORK—

IT'S enough to make anybody mutter —the idea of these carefree vacationing aristocrats wandering around in knee-length shorts. I thought I had disposed of that fashion forever by a timely denunciation when it first turned up a year or two ago. I screeched then that it made women's knees look knobby, and so it does. Also, I never expected to see the day when those stumpy ballerina bathing suits, which I viewed with a contempt too profound to express, would be adopted by anyone but cuties. Giving up prophecy for 1940 will be a great help to my apoplexy.

Meanwhile, the shops in New York are ignoring the vacationists they wooed so ardently a short time back and are again courting the considerable number of people who remain in town. Jay-Thorpe are showing tailored suits of their own design, to guarantee your appearing nonchalant when that first freakish spring day arrives. One beauty is of gray flannel with a pleated skirt

Travel Light to Miami
MIAMI BEACH
MIAMI
BURDINE'S

Bring just enough to get you here! Don't buy a stitch till you arrive! Then fill your trunks as Burdine's Sunshine Fashions* are released. It's the surest way to be right! And smartly dressed. And you'll set the pace, yourself, for a fashion world to follow all next summer. So WAIT!

Sunshine Fashions*

BURDINE'S
MIAMI — AND
MIAMI BEACH

* *Registered in U. S. Patent Office*

and a fitted, hip-length jacket that has four buttons below its high revers. Another, with a shorter jacket, has a circular skirt exaggerated by umbrella gores. When done in "coral-reef" tweeds (a good pinky-orangey color) with the jacket plain and the skirt embellished by horizontal navy stripes, this is quite extreme and dressy; in pin-striped flannel, with the stripes making interesting square-yoke detail around the neckline, it is as tailored a street costume as you could wish. A third suit has a belt with wide box pleats front and back suggesting the Norfolk jacket except that they start below the bust and so lack the clumsiness of the old-time type; the pleats of the skirt carry the Norfolk lines downward. This is shown in a blue, hard-finished wool. All of these are made in the Jay-Thorpe workrooms and cost around $155, and with them the mannequins happily wear the Jay-Thorpe Lucky Penny blouses, which have gold disc buttons the size of pennies and are beautifully tailored in crêpe or jersey. The blouses cost $9.95, and you could wear them with anything, including strictly tailored suits, and it is to be noted that even with them the mannequins like to wear the convertible collar open, very casual. A dazzling newcomer called Americana has been added to the $4.95 array of hand-knit sweaters here, to go with sports slacks or skirts. It consists of three horizontal stripes—red, white, and blue—and is fastened below its round neckline by star-shaped buttons in the same three colors.

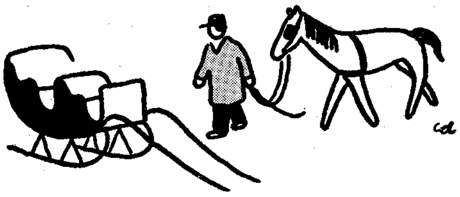
The first thaw invariably makes people who love suits think about fur neckpieces to go with them, and the fur department at Jay-Thorpe is lying in wait for such as these with a shipment of Norwegian platina fox, that phenomenon which appeared for the first time last year. The furs are a pale, pale gray with delicate dark tracery and are utterly lovely. They are still rare and therefore expensive—$750 and up a skin. For those whose thoughts turn to topcoats for sports or street wear, Jay-Thorpe harbor a coat that has been a continuous success since some genius thought it up. It's a pale-blue camel's-hair, with narrow gores down the back to make it swing out; the front is straight, with big single-breasted buttons, wide revers, and broad shoulders. It's just one of those perfect things you'd wear for many seasons.

If you like hats that make you look younger and feel more spirited than your mood undoubtedly is at the moment, Bendel has some of its own design, plus some new French imports, that are real rejuvenators. There are lots of caps, to be worn well back on the head and exposing the hairline, and most of them have little nose veils. The caps come in black, shiny straw with two velvet bows sitting high above the brow, or in blue moiré belting so braided as to leave many apertures (this one has coq feathers spurting upward well toward the back)—there seems no limit to the number of fabrics or decorations that can vary this highly becoming and comfortable type of small hat. One Bendel jewel, of navy belting, has ostrich feathers making what looks like a huge swan's-down powder puff on the crown of your head. Talbot offers a stitched fabric hat with a great tab rising in front and a bit askew, and a wide, flat tassel descending from a point beside the left eye. Suzy's felt cap has a half-moon of guinea-hen feathers curving forward over the forehead. As for more tailored things, of the type referred to by buyers as "typically suit millinery," there is a touch of the military in a Valois képi of black soutache cording which has a red-and-green feather tilted forward and red-and-black ribbon across the back. Talbot's hat, of red stitched wool, is like a gob's until it widens, all of a sudden, at the very top. Suzy makes a deep Scotch cap of red stitched navy wool with a red veil and a sharp red quill. It is she, too, who contributes the knockout of the collection, as far as I am concerned—a slightly rippled tiny plate of white straw with navy grosgrain facing; it has four navy bows on top, sitting there as smugly as if there were an actual crown for them to surround. Bendel dotes on the model and will provide a real crown for people who are timorous.

For fripperies, a swell tiny sailor of rough beige-and-yellow straw has a dark-green feather crown and two wings rising on each side. Even this, however, looks demure and conservative next to a Suzy black plaque with a deliriously jagged top on which are massed tiny whole birds—chartreuse, sapphire, pink, pale blue, and red. If you think there isn't such a thing any more as a flower hat with a Difference, look at a black felt arrangement, about the size and shape of a coaster, with six pink camellias on top of it. If neither fowl nor flowers satisfy you, an oval plate to tilt over one eye has masses of red, green, and purple currants placed well forward, and feathers above, to boot. These are only a few of the offerings in what should be called the Conquest-Made-Easy Department on the first floor.

Pooh to the hatless in Palm Beach!

—L. L.



OVERDOING IT

Recent Incidents Which Would Seem to Demonstrate the Inability of Some Persons to Keep Themselves Reasonably in Check

Locales	Persons	Incidents
Alma, Michigan	Alma College students	During one month they inserted 146 slugs and pennies and only four nickels in the pay telephone in their dormitory.
Frankfort, Kentucky	Motorist	When his car stalled, he got out and punched it in the headlight so hard that he broke the glass and cut his hand.
St. Louis	Peter Cerutti	He yawned so widely that he dislocated a vertebra in his neck.
Columbus	Paul Elleman, Jr.	When he was arrested for overloading, twenty-one people climbed off and out of his five-passenger car.
Rennes, France	Military court	It added a five-year prison term to the sentence of Maurice Pilorge, who had already been condemned to the guillotine.
Washington	Representative Robert F. Rich	He announced during debates in the House that some of the New Deal's policies made his "blood run cold," made his "blood boil," and made his "blood run backward."
Stillwater, Ohio	Highway Department officials	Six of them formally and separately notified Joseph Marstrell, a safety inspector, that he was fired.

—W. E. Farbstein

DIVORCE: ITS CAUSE AND CURE—II

IN a recent article I contended that the Unfortunate Remark, Uttered Innocently, was at the root of most divorces, and demonstrated at the same time that infidelity, cruelty, and the other familiar "grounds" were mere effects—simple aftermaths of the Unfortunate Remark. By citing a few examples in which men were the utterers of the offending words, I did not mean to slight the ladies, and hasten therefore to add two more examples, selected at random from the many in my file, to prove that women, too, make Remarks, and with equally disastrous results.

CASE of Mr. and Mrs. Dotey: The Doteys had been married two years. Mr. Dotey was thirty-seven, and like many men who have experienced a prolonged bachelorhood, he rather prided himself on having been something of a devil before he met Mrs. Dotey and gave up All That. Mrs. Dotey was ten years younger than her husband, a sweet, innocent, good-tempered little thing, always busy and happy about the house. She adored Mr. Dotey and trusted him implicitly, a fact which, although he was the most faithful of husbands, never ceased to astonish him.

One day a red-haired, sprightly woman of about Mr. Dotey's age returned to New York after an absence of several years and telephoned Mr. Dotey at his office. Mr. Dotey didn't need to be reminded that he and Evvie Wharton had once been very good friends. He invited her to lunch and, feeling vaguely furtive, took her to an obscure restaurant, where they ate a dullish meal, unfortified by even one cocktail. Mr. Dotey talked mainly about what a nice wife he had married, and Evvie tried hard to look interested; she herself had run through three husbands since her old friendship with Mr. Dotey and found matrimony an unstimulating subject of conversation. That night, when he got home, Mr. Dotey mooned around guiltily, watching Mrs. Dotey out of the corner of his eye, to see if she noticed anything wrong with him. She didn't, for she was deeply involved in making a hooked rug and had no time to think of anything else. Mr. Dotey was almost disappointed. He had no interest in Evvie, but he couldn't help feeling his wife was a bit complacent. It wasn't exactly flattering.

Evvie telephoned a few days later—to the house. It was in the evening, and Mr. Dotey answered the telephone. Evvie said she wanted the Doteys to come to the theatre with her tomorrow night—a friend of hers, a Mr. Presser, was coming, too. Mr. Dotey put his hand over the mouthpiece and turned to his wife. "This is a girl I used to know years ago," he said. "She's blown into town and wants us to go to the theatre tomorrow night."

"How lovely," said Mrs. Dotey rather absently, for she had just discovered a bad spot in the design of her rug. "Tell her yes."

All next evening, at the theatre and later at a night club, Mr. Dotey felt constrained and awkward. It surprised him to note that Mrs. Dotey was her usual happy self—was so charming, indeed, that Mr. Presser quite obviously thought her a knockout, and so did Evvie.

After they got home, Mrs. Dotey sat before her mirror, cold-creaming her face. "It was a delightful evening, dear," she said, not noticing that she was breaking a long silence.

Mr. Dotey cleared his throat several times, but couldn't think of anything to say.

"She's certainly a swell old girl," continued Mrs. Dotey. "I imagine she was rather handsome when she was younger."

Mr. Dotey paused, with one shoe in his hand, and stared intently at his wife. He could see one half of her face in the flesh and the other half in the mirror. Both halves were devoid of malice. Nor was there a drop of malice in Mrs. Dotey's soul. What had happened was that she had made an Unfortunate Remark, and, as always in such cases, she was completely unaware of it.

"Evvie Wharton is *considered* a great beauty," said Mr. Dotey coldly. "She has broken more hearts than any woman I ever knew."

Mrs. Dotey turned to him interestedly. "*Really*, darling?" she exclaimed. "Do tell me all about her!"

"I'd rather not," said Mr. Dotey hollowly. "Under the circumstances, I'd really rather not," and he stalked off into the bathroom to brush his teeth.

Mrs. Dotey, who always strove to please Mr. Dotey, immediately dropped the subject, and the next morning went back to her hooked rug without a care in the world. But Mr. Dotey invited Evvie to lunch again, ordered three rounds of cocktails before the entrée, and was so gay and attentive that Evvie decided she had been much too hasty in concluding he was now an unspeakable bore. Some weeks passed, with one thing leading to another the way it does, and finally even Mrs. Dotey got wind of the fact that something was going on, and after a few investigations accused Mr. Dotey of infidelity.

"You drove me to it," said Mr. Dotey, and quite naturally this didn't make a ray of sense to Mrs. Dotey. Nor would he explain further—I suppose because he couldn't.

After the divorce, Mr. Dotey came to the bleak realization that a life with Evvie was the last thing on earth he wanted, and Evvie, in her restless way, went off somewhere with Mr. Presser. Mr. Presser himself was quite ready for anything, being at the time very unhappy because he hadn't been able to comfort poor Mrs. Dotey, who just kept on crying her eyes out all day long about the whole mess.

CASE of Mr. and Mrs. Arden: This case, while trifling on the surface, is all the more poignant for that reason. The Ardens had been married only two weeks—were just back from their honeymoon, in fact—when old friends of Mr. Arden's, a Mr. and Mrs. Williams, invited the young couple to their place on Long Island for the weekend. They came, trailing clouds of glory, and all the other guests beamed indulgently upon them. Mrs. Arden didn't seem to mind this, but it is safe to assume that Mr. Arden felt rather awkward and strange among his old friends and strove a little too hard to act natural and unconcerned.

After dinner everybody gathered on the moonlit lawn for coffee. When Mrs. Williams got around to filling Mr. Arden's cup, she glanced over at him and said inquiringly, "Cream?"

Mr. Arden opened his mouth to say "No, thanks," but before he could make a sound, Mrs. Arden, who was sitting next to their hostess, shook her head and said, with a curious secret smile, "No, we never take cream. We take our coffee black."

Mr. Arden sat where he was, thunderstruck. Conversation continued to swish lightly about him, but he heard nothing.

"Why don't you drink your coffee,

dear?" Mrs. Arden said after a while, moving over next to him.

Mr. Arden stood up, cleared his throat, and marched across to his hostess. "I'd like some cream, please," he said in a loud, firm voice.

His hostess poured a little cream into his cup.

"More," said Mr. Arden. "I like quite a lot of cream."

"Why, darling," began his wife, "you never before—"

Mr. Arden tossed off his coffee and set the cup on the tray. "Could I have a second cup?" he asked his hostess. "About half cream. Thank you."

Mrs. Arden lapsed into a bewildered silence. She knew that something was screwy, especially as Mr. Arden went on drinking copious draughts of coffee and cream until the pot was empty and the maid removed the tray, but she was in the dark about her own part in the swiftly developing tragedy. After they retired, Mr. Arden tossed about, wide awake, for hours, and Mrs. Arden made the regrettable suggestion that he had had too much coffee. "You shut up and keep your nose clean!" snarled Mr. Arden, and that, of course, was the beginning of the end.

It turned out, according to Mr. Arden, that Mrs. Arden had only married him to reform him, and to prove that he wasn't going to be reformed by her or anyone else, Mr. Arden, who really loathed coffee with cream in it, was obliged to turn to liquor. Eventually Mrs. Arden divorced him on the ground of habitual drunkenness, but we mustn't allow ourselves to be deceived by that. An Unfortunate Remark from a wife is bad enough at any time, but it is definitely fatal, I believe, when (a) it is made in answer to a question put to her husband, and (b) it contains the deadly words "we never."

—WINIFRED WILLIS

•

WHAT IS SO RARE AS AN ENGLISHMAN'S AMERICA?

[*From "Royal Regiment," by Gilbert Frankau*]

"Could you get me some ice water?" she went on, relapsing into one of her rare Americanisms.—*Page 161.*

"I guess," she said, relapsing into a rare Americanism, "that I just made a mistake about that, Tom."—*Page 266.*

"I'm sorry," she said in her turn; and, relapsing into a rare Americanism, "But that's all there is to it."—*Page 399.*

Camilla refused a taxi, saying, "The shop's only just around the corner." He chaffed her for the Americanism.

—*Page 509.*

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Additional Theatre Advertising on page 48

THE ART GALLERIES

Masters of the Renaissance—Some Moderns

THERE'S little to be said, in a critical sense, about the exhibition of Italian Masters now on at the Modern Museum. This, as you probably know, is the great loan collection of Renaissance paintings and sculptures which was shown originally at the San Francisco Exposition last summer, and what I mean is that it's late in the day to start picking flaws in Botticelli or Michelangelo, and it would be almost equally presumptuous to burden them with more praise. Things like Botticelli's "The Birth of Venus" or Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair" are more or less *hors concours* by this time; they're secure in their place in the world's heritage of art, and when they come to town about all one can say is go see them.

What one can report is that the show is superbly presented. There are only twenty-eight works in the group, seven sculptures and the rest paintings, and since the entire second floor of the Museum is given over to it there is no overcrowding. Instead, each piece is mounted serene and alone on a wall by itself, while in several instances—such as the famous Titian "Portrait of Pope Paul III" and the Verrocchio bronze of "David," which is so typically Renaissance in the arrogance and ease of its pose—a whole room has been devoted to a single example. For all of which, I'm sure, the crowds are grateful as they gather. The lighting, too, is excellent, particularly of the sculpture, and it's difficult to imagine how even so magnificent a collection as this one could be better displayed.

And magnificent it assuredly is, from the beautifully textured and suavely modelled relief of "The Annunciation" by Andrea Della Robbia that greets you at the entrance right on through to the unusually fine "Portrait of a Lady" by the relatively unknown Parmigianino, so arresting in its pose, so brilliant in its handling of detail, which one encounters toward the end. In between there are high spots too. "The Birth of Venus," lent by the Royal Uffizi Gallery of Florence, is one, of course. It's not as well preserved as I'd somehow remembered it (it looks, to tell the truth, as if it needed cleaning), and its surface seems somewhat clouded in consequence. But there's no gainsaying the chiming harmonies of its composition, or any resisting the warm, golden yellows that dominate its color scheme. Another is the portrait by Titian I've already referred to—certainly, in its sharp revelation of character and in the absolute mastery of its painting, to be ranked as one of the great portraits not only of its period but of all time. There's an exquisite Fra Angelico, "The Naming of John the Baptist," with the loveliest play of pale reds and blues and greens in the robes of the group that forms its centre; there are also a superbly luminous, poetically graceful "Madonna with Saint Catherine and John the Baptist" by Bellini and an austerely handsome "Saint George" by Mantegna—but there's not much use listing more. You'll have to see this show.

As a kind of pendant, or perhaps one should say counterpoise, to the Italian pieces, the Museum has arranged a loan exhibit of "Modern Masters," both oils and sculptures; it's on the ground floor, and in spite of a kind of "afterthought" air about the thing I must urge you to see it, too. The feeling that it's an afterthought derives in part from the publicity that has attended the coming of the Italian collection almost to the exclusion of mention of the other, and in part from the fact that a number of the selections in the modern group seem definitely of a catch-as-catch-can nature. But there are some really excellent things: a fine, early, bitterly tragic "Clown's Head" by Rouault; two swell Cézannes, "La Montagne Sainte-Victoire" and "The Card Players;" Seurat's impeccably composed "The Side Show;" and—with its blues and its blacks as iridescently light-struck as always—Renoir's matchless "Le Moulin de la Galette." It's just too bad that the collection has such stiff competition upstairs.

EASTMAN JOHNSON, the nineteenth-century American genre painter, is chiefly remembered for such canvases as "The Wounded Drummer Boy," "Old Kentucky Home," and "The Old Stage Coach," all of them bad. Now the Brooklyn Museum, in an attempt to revive his memory and, so to speak, recreate such talents as he had, has got together what amounts to a definitive show of his works. Some hundred pieces are included, these ranging from random drawings to his most ambitious oils, and though there's literally nothing of

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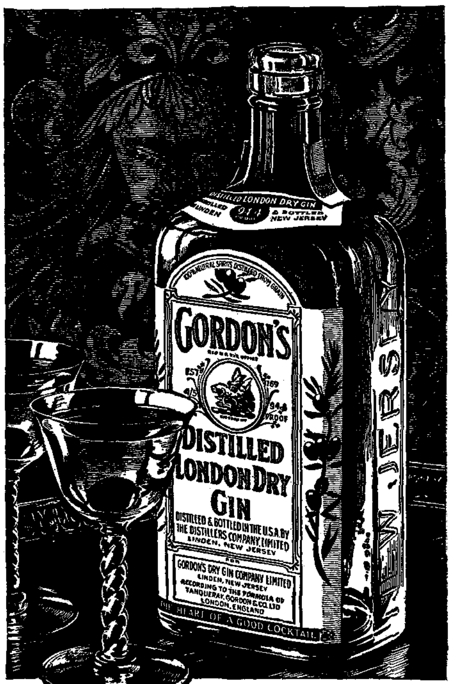

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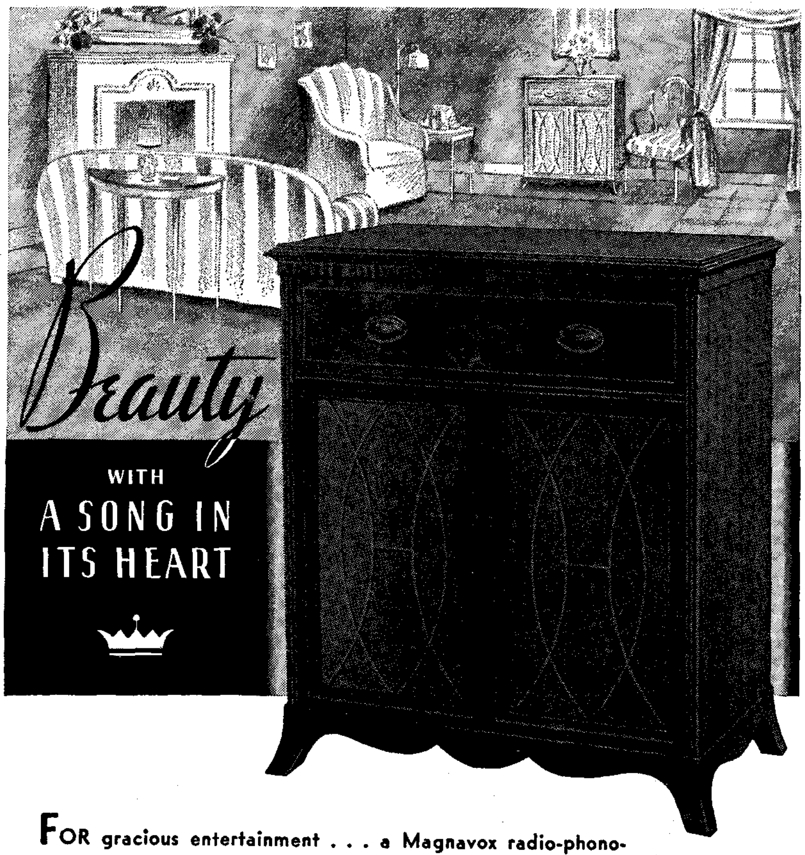

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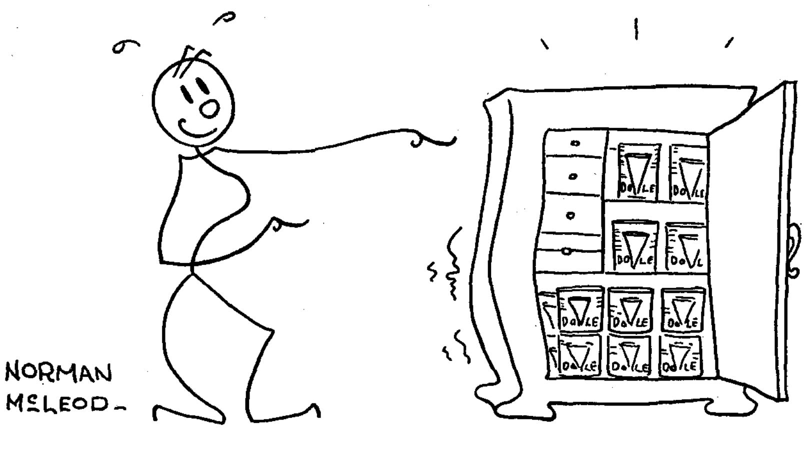

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first-rate importance in the whole huge collection, it's still a remarkably interesting affair—as a study of an artist's career and particularly of how his natural capacities were diverted and, I think, in large part nullified by the rigid artistic conventions of his day.

For Eastman Johnson was certainly born to be a painter. Born in 1824 in a small Maine town, he was sketching assiduously before he was fifteen; by the time he was eighteen, still completely self-taught, he was making a living as an independent artist, executing the then popular "crayon portraits" for the élite of Augusta and, later, of Boston and Washington. A group of his early sketches is in the present exhibition, and though they're stiff and rather awkward in handling, they have a directness and honesty that are really compelling. There is also an oil called "Our Grandmother," dating from this same period; low in key, tight in style, but entirely sympathetic to its subject, it has a half-naïve air of the painstakingly factual that ties it definitely to the "native" tradition of nineteenth-century portraiture.

Johnson had started experimenting with oils while he was in Washington; the next step was to go abroad, where the great art schools were. He went to Düsseldorf and later to The Hague, and at both places his enormous facility and his pleasant sense of design soon brought him attention; it was somewhere along this way, however, that what individuality he had as an artist was lost. Indeed, the show is evidence that he never quite succeeded in assimilating all the influences that his stay abroad had subjected him to, and from then onward his style reveals curious vacillations, carrying him from the tight German manner and old-masterish tone of "An Earnest Pupil" to the Rembrandtesque darkness of "Embers" and "The Quiet Hour" and to the Courbet-like greens and suave lighting of the "Girl Picking Water Lilies." Worst of all, though, was the mood of sentimental realism in which his work was cast. The camera hadn't yet come into common use, and, since its mechanical accuracy was still lacking, what people mainly demanded of a painting, beyond a vague insistence that it concern itself first of all with "beauty," was the complete and meticulous rendition of superficial detail.

Johnson hit that nail on the head with his "Old Kentucky Home," in which the darkies strumming in the farmyard—and even the bricks of the house chimney and the grain of the farthest clapboards—are portrayed with a kind of uncritical fidelity that a telephoto lens of today could hardly equal, and he followed this up with such other calendar concoctions as the truly awesome "Boyhood of Lincoln" and the "Savoyard Boy," not to mention those other banalities I spoke of at the outset. All are in the show, and between them they give us a picture of nineteenth-century painting, with its senseless striving for sheer verisimilitude, at just about its worst. Yet there were times when Johnson could paint with comparative simplicity and directness. As one might expect, it's in the smaller and lighter pieces, when the pressure to do great things wasn't on him, that one finds these qualities, and a series of sketches in oils of an Indian camp near Lake Superior, made just after his return from Europe, is remarkable for its freshness and sharp observation. An outdoor subject, too, called "Woman on a Hill," is suggestive of Winslow Homer in its broad, strong handling, while a number of his genre paintings—like his "The Early Scholar," with its chilly country schoolboy lighting the fire in the chunk stove, or the well-lighted "In the Hayloft"—have a kind of indigenous quality that gives them pungency and charm. But like so many other painters of his period, the harder he worked and the more imposing the concept he tackled, the worse he became.

Ernest Fiene, at the Associated American Artists', is having his first one-man show in five years. There's still a kind of heavy-handedness about Fiene's style that mars his approach to his tenderer subjects—as in his "Dancer in Pink Chemise" and the "Girl in Blue Blouse"—and he kills a good deal of his color, it seems to me, by persistently overloading it with whites. But at other times this solid and stolid manner of his works to his advantage, and in such pieces as the dark little landscape "Spring Evening," the "East River Corner," with its red-walled tenements, and the larger "Cattle and Crows," he shows forceful design and considerable imaginative power. —Robert M. Coates

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FIRE DEPARTMENT CALLS

Tuesday A.M.—
11:05—2620 Oakland av, garage.
Tuesday P.M.—
12:18—Central & 4th st SE., school.
1:58—1711 N 6th st, found nothing.
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MUSICAL EVENTS

War and Peace

LAST week's Metropolitan performance of "Götterdämmerung" had the box-office assistance of a preliminary newspaper skirmish in which Lauritz Melchior suggested that Erich Leinsdorf, the conductor, was a genius but not yet ripe for his job, and in which Edward Johnson retorted forcefully with an interview that introduced a new term for the musical dictionaries—"old boat." (Old boat: a singer who has been around an opera house for many years.) The audience consequently included, along with the customary Wagnerians, a small group that bought admission to boo the conductor, another little ensemble that came to hiss the tenor, and a somewhat larger contingent that arrived to see a fight. The brief booing and hissing were, by Madison Square Garden standards, lousy, and there wasn't any altercation, physical or musical, between Mr. Melchior and Mr. Leinsdorf.

Considering the probable tension and that this was the first time Mr. Leinsdorf had conducted "Götterdämmerung," the performance was a remarkably well-coördinated exhibition of music-making, and Mr. Leinsdorf deserved the cheers he received at the start of each act. Mr. Melchior was in the best of voice and uncorked several high notes that any Radamès or Manrico would have been happy to borrow from him. Miss Marjorie Lawrence sang and acted Brünnhilde better than ever before, and the rest of the principals were alert and efficient, if not always an unmitigated aural delight. The Norns and the Rhine Maidens broke a precedent by not having a tremolo in the lot. The horse, Grane, I regret to report, didn't have his mind on his business, for he kept peering inquisitively at Mr. Leinsdorf as if he wanted a good look at the young man he'd read about in the papers.

Apart from the journalistic background of "Götterdämmerung," things seemed to be peaceful at the Metropolitan last week. Miss Rose Bampton saved an "Aïda" by reverting to the mezzo-soprano Amneris, a rôle she hadn't sung since she became a soprano, and demonstrated admirable mnemonic and musical accomplishments. Miss Jean Dickenson made her début as Philine in "Mignon," singing pleasantly and acting competently; Philine, however, is an assignment that takes terrific vocal and theatrical razzle-dazzle to make it completely effective.

MOST of the orchestras had the assistance of pianists as soloists during the week. The Philharmonic-Symphony, playing a special Czech program under the direction of Walter Damrosch and an able newcomer, Hermann Adler, presented Mme. Germaine Leroux in Bohuslav Martinu's second concerto, a well-made if not staggering work which Mme. Leroux played brilliantly. At its subscription concerts, the orchestra, with John Barbirolli in charge, provided Simon Barer, who applied his great virtuosity to the first Tchaikovsky concerto. The Philadelphia Orchestra and Eugene Ormandy invited Rudolf Serkin to play Brahms' first concerto, which Mr. Serkin did handsomely. Mr. Ormandy added another name—his own—to the list of Bach transcribers with skillful and unaffected settings of two chorale preludes. He also offered a condensed version of Bruckner's fifth symphony—a somewhat dubious enterprise, in spite of the excellent performance. Those who like Bruckner's music want his symphonies full length; those who don't care for it aren't likely to be converted by a short order.

IF you read Deems Taylor's "Of Men and Music," you will expect his latest collection of causeries, "The Well Tempered Listener," to be sane, witty, professional talk that will be intelligible and entertaining even to those who associate Meyerbeer only with *œufs* and Melba only with *pêche*. It's all of that—and something more, because it goes into the human problems of composers, performers, and plain and fancy people who listen to music. "The Well Tempered Listener" may persuade many readers to take some aspects of the curious musical world less seriously, and like music and musicians better.

LAST warning—maybe: Unless there is a change, the Ballet Theatre at the Center Theatre will call it a season this Saturday evening. If you haven't yet done so, there's still time to see one of the most versatile and interesting dance outfits that have been available hereabouts.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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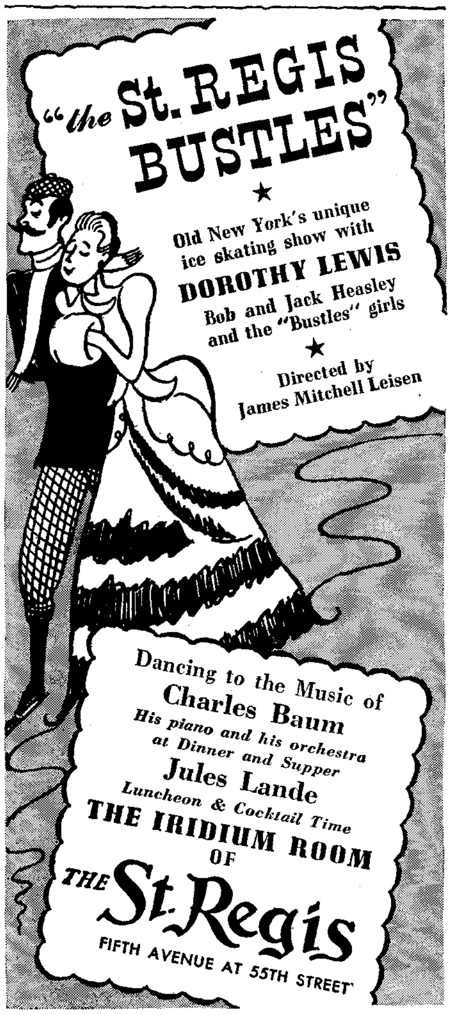

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SOUTHERN TOUR

OUR steamer moved briskly downstream to the mouth of the river. When we were free of the gap-toothed ruins of Yangtsepoo and Chapei and had left behind the little, beetlelike Japanese boats running about the edges of Shanghai, the sky was blissfully clear. After three years I had forgotten how blue the open sea can be; the Whangpoo colors even one's memories of water. When I said this, the British captain grumbled that the water along the China Coast is never really properly blue, but I was satisfied.

It was a small boat. None of the officers would promise when we might get to Hong Kong. Ordinarily the trip takes three days—two in the big ships—but at the Shanghai office, when I bought my ticket, they had been not only discreet but downright silent on this subject. Once we got outside the Whangpoo into the bay, everything was explained; the ship would try to pick up cargo here and there—Chinese cargo—and because of the Japanese gunboats it would be a game of hide-and-seek. There could be no schedules in such a game. Gently we moved between islands, between sunrise and sunset. Sometimes from the wireless cabin on high there came word of radio orders: we were to stop here, we were not to stop there; people were waiting for us at such and such an obscure village and we must not disappoint them. The news of the day came through now and then and after a fashion, but it was so chopped and misspelled in the Chinese radio operator's handwriting that it could not seem real. Every day carried the outside world further into oblivion. In the saloon we still listened politely when the captain read the news to us, and we sighed at the Soviet-German pact, and were interested when we heard of another foreigner in Shanghai clapped into jail for offending the Japanese Emperor in the diminished person of a sentry. But it was not real; we followed the world's doings as if in a novel. Each of us made an effort only for the sake of the others. What was real was the throbbing of the ship's engines and the luncheon menu.

Even when, by order of the inscrutable authorities, our engines were stopped and anchor dropped, we passengers paid little attention. The scenery was well painted, to be sure. We spent a long time near a town on a golden beach with a white customs house perched like a palace on an overhanging green hill. We were half a night near a city of piled houses, on an island with a coastline like Greece. Always we steered our way delicately among the rearing junks and the little fishing boats which drift forever among the islands.

ONE morning I woke to find that we had gone round in a circle during the night. Some radiogram had not come through in time, and the captain, when he received it at last, had cursed and turned back a hundred and sixty miles to the town on the golden beach we had visited before. To return, he had slipped up a sort of back alley, behind a large, fat island, so that a Japanese gunboat reputed to be on our port side would not see the maneuver and grow too inquisitive.

The mention of the gunboat was slightly interesting to me, but I didn't go up on deck on the chance of seeing it. Neither did the others. I don't know how they felt about it, but I simply didn't care to see or to think about a Japanese gunboat.

We anchored once again off the golden beach. It was bright and breezy, an enchanting day. Clustered about us were fishing boats disgorging coolies—men and women—who hurried to the lower deck to sell food to the crew. They were all carrying what looked like bunches of queer red bananas. Later, seeing the things spread out to dry on the deck, I recognized them for red octopuses. Our own food continued to be filling but unimaginative—mutton curry and cold cuts. It didn't matter.

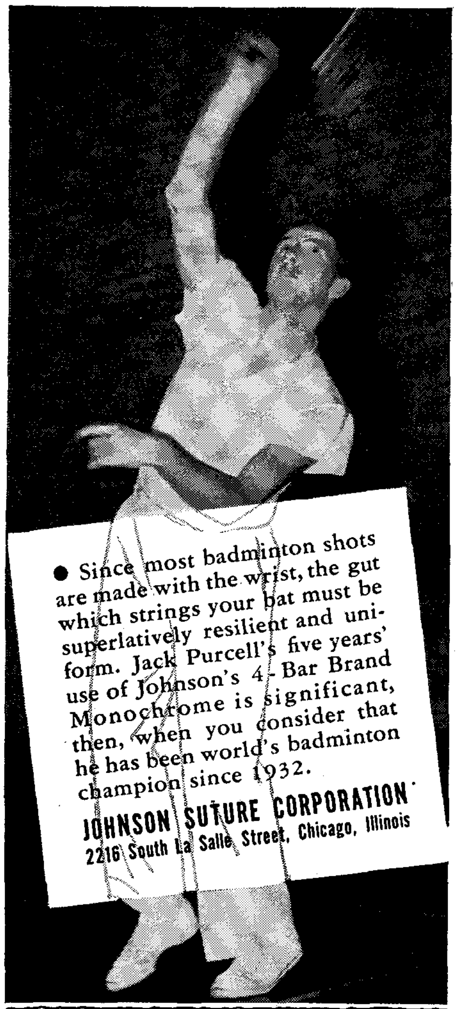
I BEGAN to prefer being at anchor to progressing. The sea was calm and the waves, with their slow lift and fall, were as soothing as a cradle. The fisher people had all cleared off now except for one boat, and the air was very silent. As the sun strengthened, everything—the yellow sand, the green hills rising from the blue water, the white houses, and quiet boats—took on a childish clarity of primary colors. It was very, very still, so still that the quiet almost droned.

The quiet *was* droning. It grew louder and louder; it developed a heartbeat, and then a double beat, and then, just as we all rushed for the rail—crew, kitchen boys, passengers, and soldiers—the planes flew over from the east. There were three of them, small and supple, above the islands.

Nobody said a word at first. Then the engineer's mate, quite unnecessarily and probably without realizing it, cried, "There they are!" By this time they had swooped down over us so near that we could see the pilots' figures. Then the planes lifted and soared off, pointing their sharp noses away as though they had never dreamed of our existence. Our heads, like those of a tennis-tournament crowd, turned as one head, following them. They crossed and recrossed the sky, making loops and twists and turns.

Just behind a point of the big island lay a junk. I had noticed it before, mainly because I could see nothing of it but the tip of its mast and a little of the ragged sail, blackened with pig's blood to make it last longer. I remembered it as we all walked to the other rail to watch the planes, because the one fishing boat still left on our flank was now completely empty. Its crew had climbed aboard our ship and was crouching beneath the deck rail—a skinny bearded man in a loincloth, a plump middle-aged woman with her hair in a braid down her back, a little boy about eight years old, and a naked baby who could just stand up. They all, except the baby, squatted on their heels, hiding unnecessarily, for the planes' pilots could not possibly have sighted them where they were. The bearded man grinned wryly, flashing his teeth. The woman's eyes were dull and flat, and the little boy was impassive. Only the man seemed awake, almost merry; then I saw that his hands, holding the baby around the waist, were gripping so tightly that the knuckles were pale.

Everybody connected with the ship—officers, sailors, and soldiers—ignored this huddled group. A few moments before, the crew had been shooing the coolies off the sacred deck; now they were not bothering about such trifles. Their eyes and souls and hearts were following the swooping silver insects, which were skimming gaily over the point of the island. I heard first two and then three slight noises—pop pop. Somebody shooting off a cap pistol, I thought. Then came a noise like a very quick motor, louder than the hum of the planes, a merry burble of noise, monotonously regular—machine guns. Each plane dipped behind the island's skyline and then came up again, one, two, three. They wheeled like swallows and dipped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again at the same place. The machine-gunning stopped from time to time as if for breath, and then went on. The junk's mast and blackened sail moved a little, and jerked uncertainly, and seemed to sag. It was hard to see just what happened. Nobody said a word.

This went on, over and over, for quite a time. Then all three planes suddenly rose, soared, righted themselves with a swaggering shake of the tail, and in neat formation winged away toward Japan.

Around the point of our island, where no mast or sail now showed, there came another sort of noise, a cry that was loud and then soft and then loud again, like the crowing of a rooster.

We were all watching the fisher's family as they put off. The bearded man waved and grinned again, mischievous and triumphant. The woman held the oar; the little boy was absorbed in working the boat hook and getting away cleanly. The baby was tied to something, and it leaned over the water and wiggled its hands as they all moved off.

I was left alone with the second mate. I had something to say, very urgently. "Those planes," I said. "They did it to show off to us. If we hadn't been here they wouldn't have—"

"Nonsense. I've seen 'em at Pakhoi. They came alongshore in a launch, all along the beach where the junks were pulled up; they machine-gunned the whole row and the people, too, as they ran away up the beach. Pure murder," he said offhandedly. "*We* didn't make any difference."

The sea had turned from blue to vivid green, and it was more choppy than before, so that the sun glittered on splinters of water. Everything was peaceful and almost the same again, except for the noise from behind the point of the island. For a long time I said nothing, but at last, "That noise," I said. "Listen. Is that a rooster?"

"No," said the second mate.

—EMILY HAHN

•

LITTLETON, N. H., Dec. 12 (AP)—The State Highway Department has discovered a profitable use for discarded beer cans. Bottoms cut from them act as reflectors when nailed to snow fences during and after heavy storms.—*The Post.*

That's doing it the hard way.

•

THE VERSATILE BRIDE

[*From the Boston Traveler*]

In any event, he's delighted to be playing for the Bruins again, and so is Mrs. Jackson, his bride of eight months.

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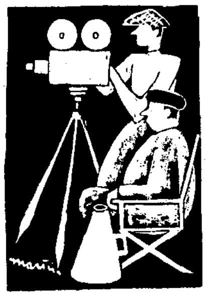
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Zanuck's Joads



OUT from California now comes "The Grapes of Wrath," the epic of starvation. With a majesty never before so constantly sustained on any screen, the film never for an instant falters. Its beauty is of the sort found in the art of Burchfield, Benton, and Curry, as the landscape and people involved belong to the world of these painters. Its visual qualities, too, can be traced back through the history of the movies; the best of the past has been used, every lesson learned. Thus there are moments when we see a lone figure silhouetted against the horizon as in the old films which aspired to impress. It was a stunt that was impressive then, and it is still impressive. Again, there are moments in "The Grapes of Wrath" so direct and simple that they are like excerpts from a fine newsreel. That, too, is right. Or again, the camera seems to pause in the style of the Russian films, and we are given what is almost a series of stills. Faces are brought forward, out from the huge panorama, and held a moment, close and enlarged—the faces of hungry children, work-racked old men and women—silent and unmoving before us. Such a method, as here employed, does not slow down the film as it has often done in Soviet pictures. John Ford has kept his pace swift, and when familiar approaches to his subject have been essential, he has made them as fresh as though he had been the first to note the dramatic value of that man placed against the sky. He showed what he could do in "The Informer," and he has gone beyond that in "The Grapes of Wrath."

The script he had to work from is in itself a tremendous success. Nunnally Johnson must have found the Steinbeck novel no kindergarten job to adapt for the movies. It was long, outspoken, and, being a best-seller, something sacred. Its scandalized, delighted, and authoritative readers, many of whom refused to find even any monotony in the original discursive and iterative chronicle, were loyally ready to jump on a digression. From the moment it was heard that the book was to be screened, appreciative admirers wondered how the true force of the dialogue could be handled with the propriety requisite for screen delicacy, and, above all, how the odd dietary incident which Steinbeck devised as the shock of his conclusion could be managed. The hegira of the Joads has been abbreviated, of course, but the story of it is fully given. From the first glimpse we have of Tom coming down the dusty Oklahoma road, we are moved straight to the world of the Okies; though without reference to either digestive or procreative processes, the language manages to be virile; Mr. Johnson keeps his characters buttoned up but human. And, perhaps with more force than the book, the film closes on Ma Joad's words: "We're the people that live. Can't nobody wipe us out. Can't nobody lick us. We'll go on forever. We're the people."

Ma was the great characterization in the book. Holding together her whole family in their desperate effort to survive, she was most definitely a clarified personality—not a mere type, not, so to speak, a social problem. She alone might be called Steinbeck's creation in the novel. Jane Darwell, who plays Ma, has been long in the theatre and in pictures, and now she suffers from the very experience she has had. Here her expertness does not stand her in good stead. Competent she is, yet she never quite frees her performance from the suggestion of the theatre. Actually this does not matter in an appraisal of the film as much as might be thought. This is no scenario for stars. Individuals are lost against the grandeur of the landscape or in the huge mass movements of many people. The extras count as much as the featured players.

Henry Fonda's Tom Joad stands out at times in the vast assemblage, and occasional specific gestures or exclamations draw our eyes and ears to the Grampa and Granma of Charley Grapewin and Zeffie Tilbury, to the Rosasharn of Dorris Bowdon, the Connie of Eddie Quinlan, the Casy of John Carradine, the Pa Joad of Russell Simpson, and the Muley of John Qualen. Mostly, though, we think of the film in terms of groups, the family on the truck, the family gathered around Grampa's grave, the children in the store in front of the candy, the other children staring at food—something to eat—in the camp. It is a great film of the dust plains, the highways, the camps, of the sky above, and of a nameless, evicted people.

—JOHN MOSHER

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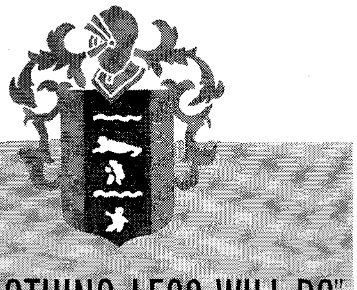

"NOTHING LESS WILL DO"
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THE RACE TRACK

Races on the Grass

IF any of the boys in Albany who are thinking up ideas about racing in New York were to ask me for a bit of advice, I'd suggest turf courses for Belmont Park and Aqueduct like the one at Hialeah. Flat races on the grass at this Florida course are as popular as the flamingos; thoroughbreds galloping between hedges of bougainvillaea against a background of green are a pleasant sight to people accustomed to seeing them running in clouds of dust or coming in buttered with mud. Of course, there wouldn't be any bougainvillaea at Belmont or Aqueduct, and there couldn't be more than one such race a day because the turf would get too cut up, but still I feel the thing's worth trying again. I say "again" because, although you may not remember it, there used to be a race on the turf every afternoon at Sheepshead Bay.

Joe Widener, who put in the grass course at Hialeah and encouraged interest in it with the Miami Beach Handicap, a $5,000 sweepstakes, ought to be delighted. If any of the richer events at the meeting turn out to be better contests than that race was last Saturday, I'll be surprised. Fifteen horses ran. Bosley, who had done most of his racing on turf in England and so was accustomed to the footing, led the closely bunched field for three-quarters of the way. Then Sandy Boot came along to win from Many Stings and Counterpoise, while Bosley dropped way back to thirteenth.

IT'S too bad to have to report that Victory Morn was beaten in his first start of the year. He's such a little colt—no bigger than a child's pony—that you can't help getting sentimental over him. Nevertheless, if a horse is to amount to anything in racing, he must grow between his two- and three-year-old seasons, and I don't believe Victory Morn has put on twenty pounds in three months. That simply won't do. What chance would he have against Andy K., who is twice his size, or against Bimelech? My guess is that Victory Morn won't win even the Flamingo Stakes if he runs for it. As a matter of fact, some observers already fancy Titilator for that race. "How's he going to miss?" my favorite clocker demanded a while ago. I can't answer that, but we'll all know more about the Flamingo after the Bahamas Handicap this weekend.

SEABISCUIT was withdrawn from three races at Santa Anita last week. Twice the California mists left the track too muddy for his liking; then on Saturday he was withdrawn because he would have had to stand between two bad actors—which will do until a better excuse comes along. Well, he'll have to run sometime before long to see if he's up to another go at the $100,000 handicap. In case you're curious about that race, Kayak II is quoted at 4–1 in the more eleemosynary future books, Challedon is 8–1, and Seabiscuit 10–1. Challedon is still in winter quarters at Columbia, South Carolina, and W. L. Brann, his owner, who is in Miami, is coy about whether the horse is going to run at Santa Anita or in the Widener Cup at Hialeah. It's whispered he favors Hialeah.

THE fourth annual edition of "American Race Horses," by John Hervey, is just out and has this to say about Challedon: "It is the belief of the great majority of turfmen—and a reasoned one—that Challedon is one of the greatest thoroughbreds ever seen in this country. This opinion embraces all the horses of our entire history, from the earliest date to the present day, and barring none, even the mightiest, whose names, in the words of the poet, forever echo down the corridors of time." I'm afraid this estimate won't bear too much investigation. Unless the records are all wrong, Challedon was beaten by ten horses, and lost six out of fifteen races last season. Whether you agree with Mr. Hervey or not, "American Race Horses 1939" is a book you should have. It will offer vivid reminders, as Jock Whitney suggests in his foreword, of this great race or that and refresh your memory on some half-forgotten pedigree. In fact, if you haven't the set, which Alfred Vanderbilt started publishing in 1936, get it and catch up on your homework. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Above, Archbishop MacLeish (left), librarian of congress, acknowledges acceptance of the famed document.—*Picture caption in the Santa Barbara News-Press.*

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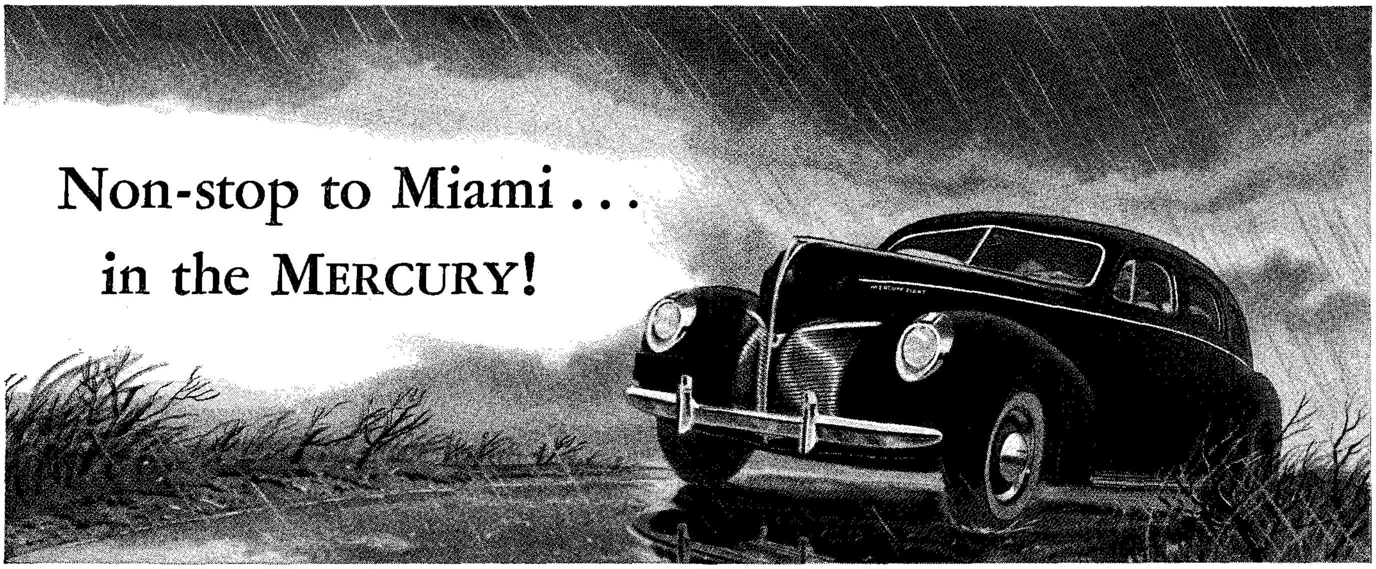
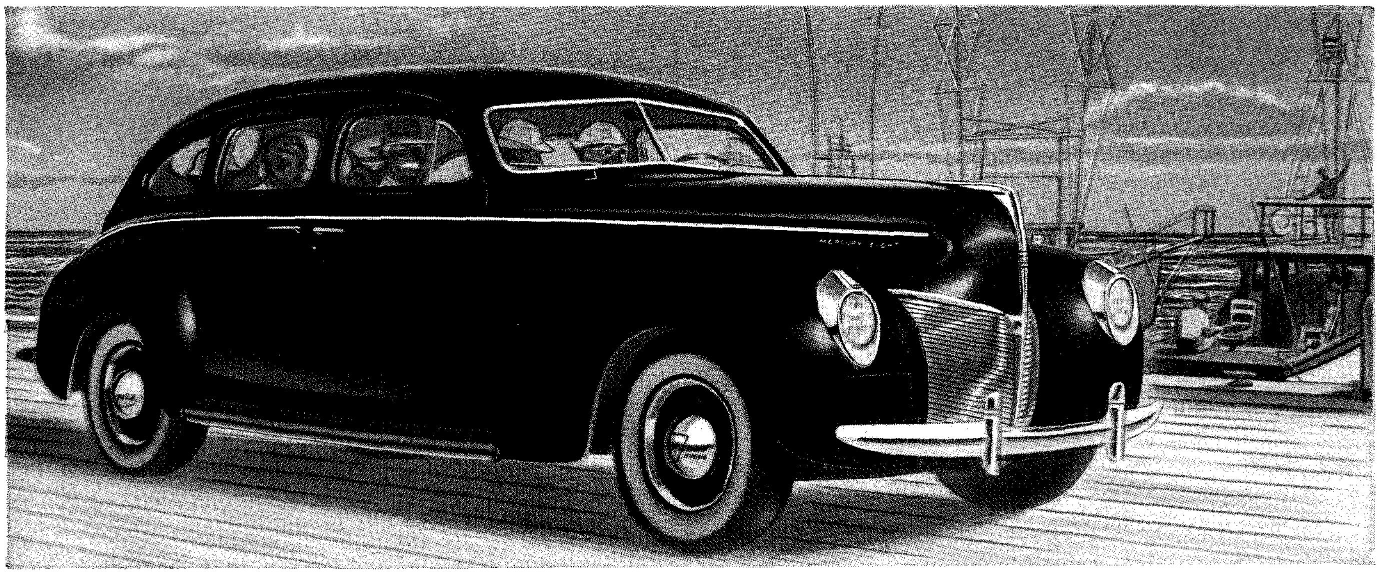
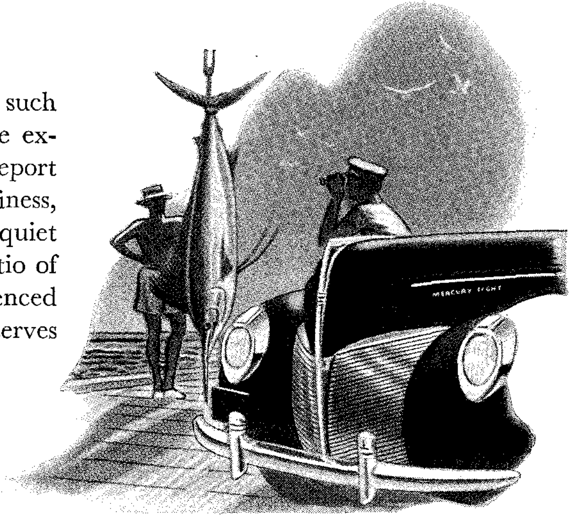


"If we drive day and night," said Joe, "we'll be there Saturday." Six of us went—riding comfortably in those extra-wide Mercury seats. Plenty of power, too—we traveled fast in spite of the load and some pretty bad weather. And we all got our sleep right there in the car—nice compliment to the Mercury's levelized, stabilized-ride construction!



Joe drove while I slept. "Somebody who knows boats designed this car," he said. "She rides true on her course in a quartering wind and practically steers herself." We made even better time than I hoped, and got in Saturday morning—the day the big fish started running! When we figured up how little a trip in the Mercury cost, we stayed an extra day!



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NIRVANA IS NEAR SAVANNAH

SEA ISLAND, GEORGIA

THE camellias are in bloom here, the holly trees are brilliant with berries in the hot January sun, and, lying in a deck chair in the hotel patio just now, I read with wonder a story in the New York paper I had bought. It was an account of a Finnish ski patrol that swept down snowy mountains and surrounded a Russian encampment. "No sound could be heard in the cold, moonless night," the correspondent wrote, "save the swish of the Finnish skis and the crackle of the Russian bonfire." Picturing this, while the newspaper on my lap grew warm in the sun, I thought how very far from Georgia the war seemed. It isn't that Georgians don't often speak of the war—they do. They call it the "wow," and it ended, for them, just the other day, at Appomattox Court House.

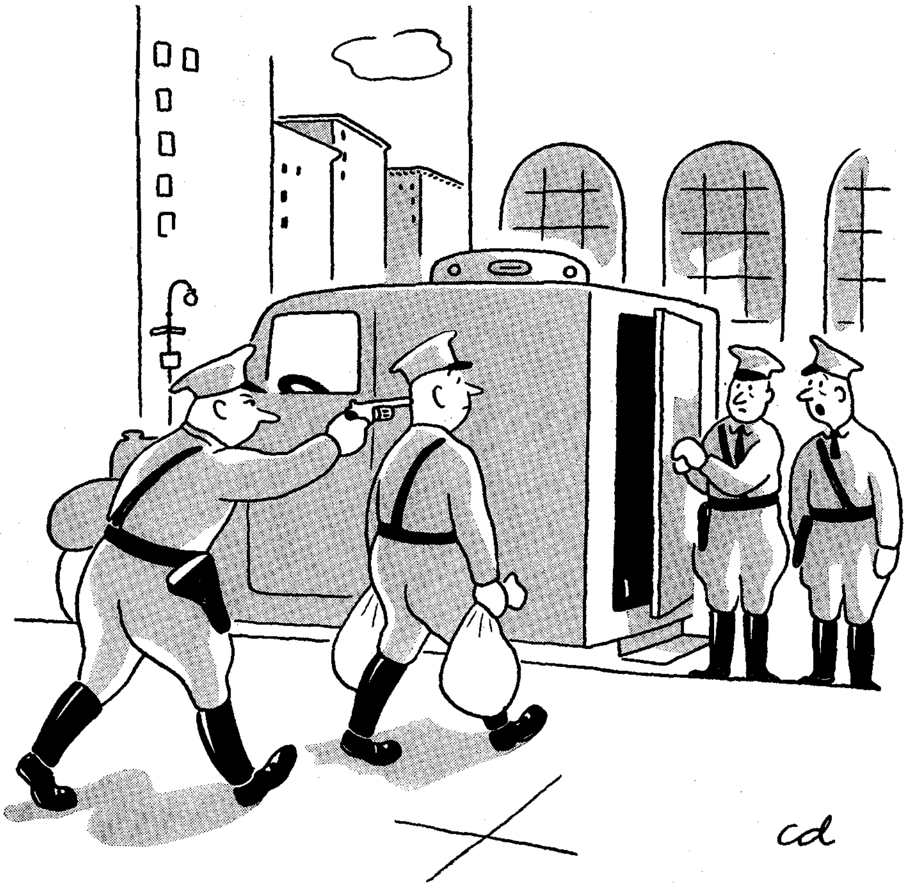
The War Between the States, close as it is to the Georgian hearts, is not the earliest fracas that a visitor to these islands is reminded of. Over on St. Simons Island, which is connected with Sea Island by a short bridge, you can go possum hunting through the very woods where once stood the Spanish missions that were plundered in the seventeenth century by the pirates Abraham and Blackbeard, who stole the mission bells and went bonging and tinkling back to their murderous seas. You can have a picnic or a sun bath on the crumbling walls of Fort Frederica, where, after the English colony of Georgia was founded, General Oglethorpe and his soldiers watched the invading Spaniards sail toward them up St. Simons Sound in 1742. On Bloody Marsh, the site of the battle in which the British finally defeated the Spaniards and changed the course of American history, reminiscence becomes more personal to the aging stranger, for Bloody Marsh, on St. Simons Island, is now owned by Mrs. Maxfield Parrish, wife of the illustrator whose cocoa-colored figures and implausibly blue skies hung above a good many of our nursery beds when we were young and impressionable.

NO one stays long on Sea Island without hearing of Mrs. Parrish. She is frail, gray-haired, and strangely dominant, among the fashionable cottagers and hotel guests, in a black straw hat and a careless coat. In her plain house on Bloody Marsh she is finishing a book which has taken her twenty years and most of her energy to write; it is called "Slave Songs of the Georgia Coast," and it will not be illustrated by her husband. Maxfield Parrish lives in New England the year round, explaining simply that he hates the South. His wife joins him peaceably in the North every summer, sometimes taking along their three grown sons, who also live in Georgia. One son, Maxfield Parrish, Jr., likes to carve African Negro heads and busts in wood, and his father, called upon to admire the pendulous lips and the sprouting breasts, has been seen to start back in alarm. Five years ago, Mrs. Parrish published a piece about plantation songs in *Country Life*. "It had never occurred to me that she could write," her husband commented starkly then.

Mrs. Parrish loves the South so much that she often wishes aloud that she had been born here. She was born in New Jersey, the daughter of a Quaker family. "But if Mason and Dixon had fixed their line *right*," she said wistfully one day when I had tea with her, "I would have been born below it." It is a fine sight to see Mrs. Parrish, small and Quakerish, rocking in a cane-seated chair before her open fire of a cool Georgia evening and lustily singing the songs she loves, such as:

> If I live, Sangaree,
> Till next fall, Sangaree,
> I ain't gonna plant, Sangaree,
> No cotton at all, Sangaree!

It took her a long time to get the island Negroes interested in their own songs, inherited from slave ancestors. When she first came to St. Simons, in 1912, they had abandoned plantation songs and spirituals because they felt they were out of style, and choirs in Negro churches on the island and over on the mainland in Brunswick were singing hymns like "Nearer, My God, to Thee" with an air of studied refinement. By degrees, Mrs. Parrish coaxed, bullied, and bribed them out of this disloyalty to their traditions, and some nights nowadays the Negro servants, small farmers, handy men, and laborers gather from twenty miles around in a cabin on her grounds to sing "Knee Bone Bend," "The Buzzard's Lope," "Oh, Eve, Where Is Adam?," "Ain't Gonna Study War No More," and other songs that were sung generations ago on plantations in the old South. The singers are not motivated entirely by sentiment; they get a dollar apiece, col-



"I doubt if Horace ever will get the hang of it."

lected by Mrs. Parrish from the cottagers and hotel guests who like to come and hear them sing.

I WENT down to the cabin for the first time a few nights ago with some other people from the hotel. The singers were seated in double rows on each side of the cabin fireplace, the men on one side, the women on the other. While they waited for the guests to settle themselves they sat still, in the way a Negro or an Indian can sit still, and it seemed to me that they were vastly superior in poise and manner to the dressy, gabbling audience which confronted them. Their features ranged from wide, flat nostrils and full, Ethiopian lips to thin-bridged Arab noses and narrow Arabian jaws, but all were ebony black—a point of pride among the Negroes of coastal Georgia, who regard light-colored Negroes with disdain. "Yaller niggers is all right," they will tell you, "but you gotta feed 'em wid a long spoon."

As the singers passed me, moving about the floor in the shuffling, swaying motion of a "ring-shout," I noticed another thing about them. They were singing:

"Oh, Eve, where is Adam?
Oh, Eve, where is Adam?
Oh, Eve, where is Adam?
Adam in the Garden pickin' up leaves . . ."

When they came to the part about "pickin' up leaves," they bent down and swept up imaginary leaves from the floor, and I saw then that some of them were so old they could scarcely bend their bodies and that others were so young their gesture of picking up leaves was hardly more than a syncopated flash of the hand. There seemed to be no middle-aged Negroes among the singers, and Mrs. Parrish explained this to me later. As far back as anyone can remember, she said, Negroes who have grown too old to work stay at home and amuse their grandchildren, who are too young to work, by teaching them to sing, while the middle generation—the fathers and mothers—labor in the fields and in the kitchens. In spite of the changing mode of life on the islands off the Georgia coast and the awkward attempts of the island Negroes to modernize their singing, the tradition still holds. The best performers in any Georgia "sing," and those most in demand, are grandparents and their grandchildren.

Mrs. Parrish likes to tell the Negroes interesting things about themselves, and the Negroes listen politely. They all know that the word "shout," to a Negro, doesn't mean "shout" or even "sing;" it means "dance." "Shout" songs are songs accompanied by a slow, circular, dancing movement. The line "I'm gonna shout all over God's heaven," in the spiritual "All God's Chillun Got Wings," means to them that they are going to dance all over God's heaven; they know that. But it takes Mrs. Parrish, backed up by Dr. Lorenzo D. Turner, the Negro research scholar, to teach them that the word "shout" is derived from an Arabic word "*saut*," which means "to dance counter-clockwise around a shrine in the inner temple." Not even Mrs. Parrish, though, can fathom the dark secrets of the Negro heart. One night in the cabin I noticed especially a boy whose brilliant sense of rhythm and contagious spirits lifted his heels so high off the floor and froze his arms and legs into such dramatic poses that he came dangerously near to what the Negroes call "sinful shoutin'." Crossing the legs or lifting the feet from the floor immediately transforms a "shout" song from a semi-religious one into a "sinful" one, and I saw the other shouters frown and giggle at the boy, while the thought crossed my mind that dancing like that would probably make him plenty of money on Broadway. Afterward, the man I was with, a Southerner, asked one of the older singers about the boy. "Yes," the old man said, "that's Peter. He sure was shoutin' good tonight, 'cause he's in a peck o' trouble."

I didn't find out what Peter's trouble was, and I didn't mention it to Mrs. Parrish, whose attitude toward the island Negroes has become, from long association, a trifle crisp. "They are children," she says, "and I treat them like children. I talk about them right out loud, and right in front of them." Sometimes, when Mrs. Parrish says things like that right out loud, and right in front of them, the Negroes glance at each other, dark and wise, and then all together beam at Mrs. Parrish, indulgently.

COMING back to the hotel after an evening with the shouters on Bloody Marsh demands a quick, peculiar adjustment. The hotel—the Cloister—is a very good hotel, the only one on Sea Island and much like any good hotel at Palm Beach or Palm Springs. The food is excellent, there is dancing in the Bamboo Room at night, a fine beach and a fine swimming pool for the daytime, skeet-shooting at the Skeet Club, a stable of good horses, and an excellent golf course. The clubhouse used to be the old tabby barn, built by slave labor over a century ago on what was then Retreat Plantation, where Fanny Kemble, the actress, lived after she married Pierce Butler. . . .

All right, stop me. But you see how it gets you. Nothing down here seems to matter, not even your own golf score, when you hear the white people of South Georgia talk about the things that are important to them. They are angry, for instance, under their polite gaiety, but their anger is not directed toward Hitler, Stalin, or Mussolini; they are angry traditionally with the North Georgians. "Those Atlanta people," they murmur scornfully. "You know what they do? They come down here and throw pennies at ow nigrahs when they dance for 'em. And you know what ow nigrahs do? They let the pennies lie."

How wonderful it would be, I thought yesterday, to live in a place where the only wars are Robert E. Lee's and General Oglethorpe's, and the principal nervous strain is a mild feud between two kinds of Georgians. I took a long walk down a road lined with live oaks hung with gray moss (you are not popular in Georgia if you call it Spanish moss), and I wandered into a Negro burying ground. Some of the tombstones dated from slave days, but the one before which I stopped longest was fairly recent. It bore, in laboriously carved letters, this inscription:

OUR. DEA
R. FATHER.
MR. JAMES
BARNES
BORN AT ALB
ANY. GA. MAY
31ST. AD. 1
879. DIED
JUNE. 1927
AT. ST. ISL
SIMONS. AND
GA.
GONE BUT NOT
FORGOTTN

I looked at the tributes heaped upon Mr. James Barnes' grave according to Negro custom—his favorite cup and saucer, his favorite plate, a broken vase he was attached to—and at the tired wreath of roses almost strangled now by the young narcissus pushing up from the earth around it. And it occurred to me that Mr. Barnes had received from his children a far greater homage than I would ever have from mine. I stopped in the road further on to light a cigarette, and as I threw the match away under a tree, my eyes travelled up the tree trunk. There was a bronze plaque on it. "Wesley Oak," it read. This was the spot, I had heard, where John Wesley preached the first Methodist sermon heard by the people of the Colony of Georgia, in 1736.

I hurried down the road as though the ghost of John Wesley were after me. Suddenly I felt that I had to get to somebody who was alive, who was violently concerned with what was happening *now*. I knew where to go. My feet kicked up Georgia dust behind me as I raced along the road to the riding stables, took the curve at the crossroads, and brought up with a gasp in front of the general store run by Mighty Fine, whose formal name—forgotten by most people around here—is Daniel J. Cowart. "Hiya, Mighty," I said, collapsing into a rocker among piles of overalls, straw hats, sponges, and hams. "Mighty fine, mighty fine," said Mighty, according to tradition, and he brought me a bottle of Dr. Pepper, a soft drink popular in the South. Mighty Fine is a white man in every sense of the word. He is white-haired, rosy-faced, and all of his teeth are gold. He likes to talk about current affairs, and he is now my only contact with the troubled world I left behind me when I came South. Yesterday he talked about the Roosevelt administration, about foreign affairs, about politics in general. "I quit 'em," he said sternly at length. "I just up an' quit politics." He told me then that he had been mayor of Waycross, Georgia, and that he had once been a member of the Electoral College. I was impressed, naturally. "But when did you quit politics, Mighty Fine?" I asked him.

Mighty Fine reached into the icebox for another bottle of Dr. Pepper, uncapped it, and looked thoughtfully at the ceiling. "Oh, just recently," he said, "just recently. Durin' the Hoover administration."

—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

•

While the life span of idiots and imbeciles is brief, as a rule, they seem to live longer in California than elsewhere in the country.—*University of California clipsheet.*

Well, there's more for an imbecile to live for out there.

•

THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*From a review by Stephen Vincent Benét in the Saturday Review of Literature*]

And in the chapter, "Yet to Be Written," he mentions half a dozen or a dozen books still to be written that leave me licking my lips and wishing I had them right now.

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SUN bright!

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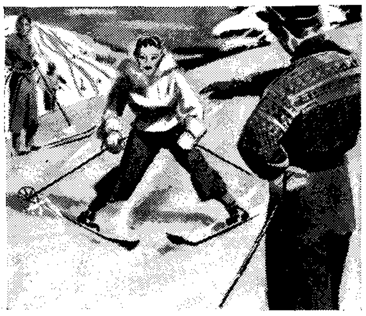

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IN FRIENDLY OLD QUÉBEC

BOOKS

Galileo and Ella Wheeler Wilcox

MOST—I should guess all—novels that dramatize the lives of geniuses are unsatisfactory. The reason is obvious: the heart and meaning of a genius's career lie in his work, which, if it is great work, is unrepresentable in any form but the one he himself chose. There will never be a good novel about Shakespeare, not because we do not know enough about him but because Shakespeare has already told us in his plays all that is important for us to know. The same problem arises in the case of an artistic, and more particularly a scientific, genius. Merezhkovski's "Leonardo da Vinci," for example, paints a vivid picture of Leonardo's period and tells a stirring story of the life of someone who may conceivably have been vaguely like Leonardo, but the only way to feel Leonardo's genius is to read his "Notebooks" and study his masterpieces.

Take another example: A talented Hungarian, Zsolt de Harsanyi, offers us this week "The Star-Gazer," readably translated by Paul Tabor. It's a reasonably interesting, carefully written story, following the major events in the life of Galileo (1564-1642), introducing all the characters, from peasant to Pope, who are related to Galileo's career, and painting a bright, crowded picture of life in Florence, Pisa, Padua, Venice, and Rome. The scholarship is dexterously disguised, the background solidly blocked in, the book has movement—there's nothing much wrong with it, in fact, except that it does not, because it cannot, isolate for you the genius of Galileo. You get a full account of Galileo's refutation of Aristotle, his struggles with his conservative colleagues, his cautious espousal of the Copernican theory, his troubles with the Jesuits and with Pope Urban VIII, and his famous recantation. But the movement and fruit of his mind can only be understood by a careful study of his works, which do not make good light reading.

The non-scientific aspects of Galileo's life are as dull and trivial as are the lives of most of us. His liaisons, his troubles with his family, his quarrels—none of these would be in the least worth recording if, accidentally and, in my opinion, wholly irrelevantly, they did not happen to be associated with the man whose real life, as far as we are concerned, lay in his epochal contributions to the science of mechanics, his invention of a practical telescope, and his astronomical researches.

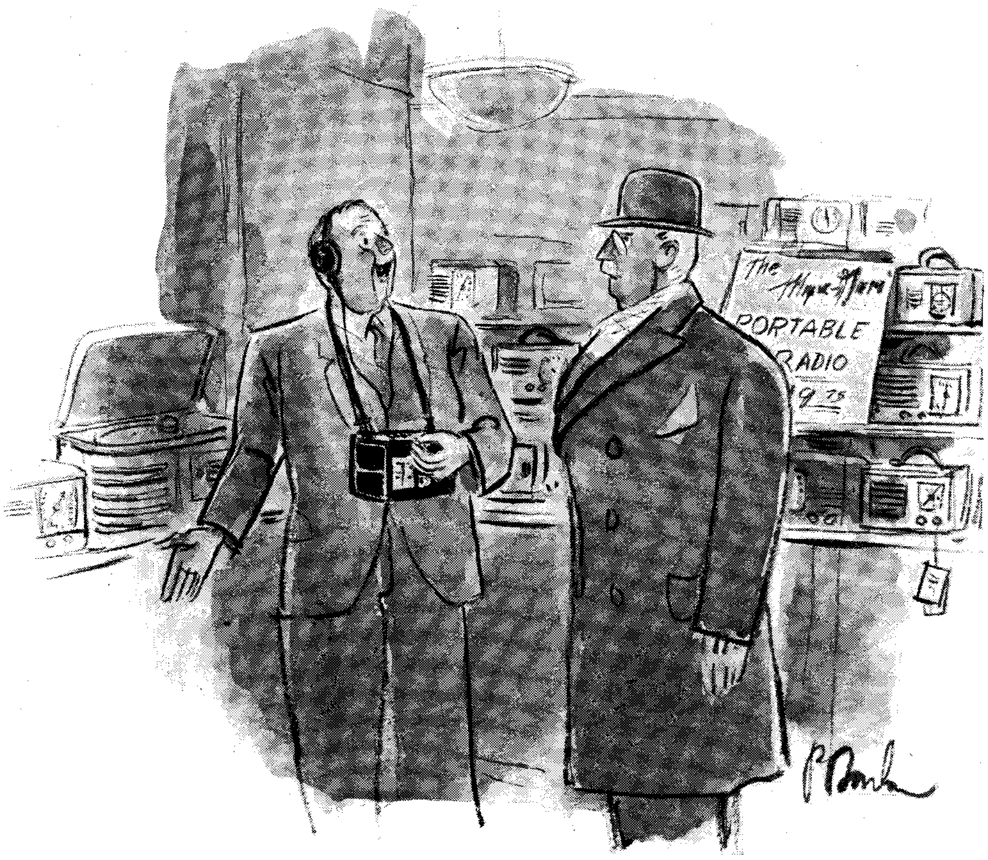
"Nobody disturbed them as they sat discussing mathematics," writes Harsanyi, and wisely, from the novelist's viewpoint, lets it go at that. But in reality the mathematics Galileo and his friend discussed, which is of course unreproduceable in fiction, is the important thing. All the hocus-pocus about the Leaning Tower experiment is amusing enough, but the narrative is apt to obscure the fact that all that matters is the enunciation of the law of falling bodies, which tells us that velocity is not affected by weight. You can't make novels out of laws and equations, but I submit that the laws and equations are the essence of Galileo, the rest being either picturesque trimming or dull trivialities.

There is, one must admit, a large and growing class of readers who prefer to take their geniuses by reflection, who would rather read about Galileo than read Galileo, or even a good encyclopedia article about Galileo. From Harsanyi's book, which is honest, serious, and painstaking, they will learn a good deal about Galileo's period and much about many unimportant things that may or may not have happened to him. Such reading can do no harm and gives one the illusion of education.

Harsanyi, by the way, makes use of the famous "Nevertheless it moves!" legend but does not commit the artistic error of having Galileo utter the words before the inquisitional court.

NO one has ever expressed vaguer sentiments with more clarity than Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She wrote only of important matters and never said anything memorable about them. As Jenny Ballou in her shrewd biography, "Period Piece," puts it, "She was not a minor poet but a bad major one." Her themes were of a lordly order, Death, God, and Love being her favorites, and in dealing with them she was never anything but sincerely specious.

"Period Piece" is a study of the hobbledehoy period of American life. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was part of our growing pains. She was the crude expression "of a genuine democratic experience in



"Suppose, for instance, you want to go to the theatre or a restaurant or some place, but you don't want to miss Fibber McGee . . ."

Overnight my life has become enriched, for I own A *Treasury of Art Masterpieces* and the fabulous heritage of the ages is mine with the opening of a book. Today, in my own home, I can marvel at my own art gallery of 144 glorious paintings. By spending a tiny fraction of what such magnificent reproductions would have cost me (had I been able to buy them individually) I have made a dream come true and in the glowing beauty of this book I have found my own personal art collection... Not in a week or a month or a year will I have exhausted the pleasure this surpassingly lovely volume brings me. Five hundred years of creation by the world's supreme painters parade before me in these pages—an incomparable pageant of genius. Every picture has been reproduced in full color, directly from the original masterpiece itself, with all its visual splendor... I can count myself fortunate indeed to belong to the one generation in all history for whom exist the miracles of color photography, color engraving and printing that make possible such a book. Guided by Thomas Craven's brilliant commentary and interpretations, I rediscover the majesty and grandeur of Renaissance Italy—Raphael, Da Vinci, Michelangelo and their towering contemporaries. A turn of the pages brings me the magnificence of Rubens—the spiritual penetration of Rembrandt—the drolleries of Breughel. I view the grandiloquence of the Baroque, the religiosity and violence of the Spaniards, the decorative splendor of France. I glory in the magic of Vermeer, the breath-taking audacity of Goya, the joyous paganism of Renoir. I linger over the poetic landscapes and magnificent portraiture of England and come with pride to the dramatic realism of the younger Americans in my own day. I have gone through 600 pages, yet I have just begun contemplating this inspired record of art claimed by time for permanent glory. In these reproductions, like the originals, I discover that "feeling of spiritual and physical intoxication that one gets only in the presence of great art"...Now I can see these pictures again and again, study them, explore them, live and grow with them ...mine are riches beyond calculation...for I own A *Treasury of Art Masterpieces.*

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HAPPY DAYS

his story of his first twelve years. This book, which Simeon Strunsky points out upsets a recent biographical tradition—for Henry *enjoyed* those first 12 years—has taken the country by storm, and is one (like *Life With Father*) that no reader of *The New Yorker* will want to miss.* I predict that it will be Mencken's greatest success. You may still find a first edition at your bookseller's, but I'd order it today if I were you. ($2.75)

*Less than half the text was printed in these pages.

Talk of the Town

San Franciscans have gone noisily mad over

BONANZA INN

this lusty story of the old Palace Hotel, built in 1875 and destroyed 31 years later in a fire that some folk say followed an earthquake. Anyway, of the 11,354 copies I've sold to date I estimate 5,184 went into and mostly out of the bookshops around the Golden Gate. This constitutes a record of some kind—at least Floyd Nourse, who sells our line on the Coast, says so. But New Yorkers shouldn't let West Coast readers have all the fun *Bonanza Inn* provides. It's a gorgeous tale in keeping with the voluptuousness of our first luxury hotel. The authors are Oscar Lewis of *The Big Four* fame (I surely hope you didn't miss that one too) and Carroll D. Hall. ($3.50.)

Robert Nathan's

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE

is off to a flying start. Each of his novels has for years outsold its predecessor and *Jennie* will, I am sure, prove no exception. But why do reviewers always emphasize the wistful fantasy in Bob's books and overlook the fact that he spins a good yarn, is indeed a fine teller of tales? Read the first pages of *Jennie* and you *must* go on with it. That, after all, is the novelist's business and Nathan knows his job. ($2.00)

which thousands basked." Miss Ballou does not make the mistake of debunking her. That would be too easy. What she does instead is to try to understand Ella Wheeler Wilcox's rôle as the voice (or one voice) of the inarticulate life of the great mass of Americans from about 1890 to shortly before the outbreak of the first World War. The authoress of "Poems of Passion" was a funny and pathetic figure. Miss Ballou, though, stresses not her ridiculousness or even the pathos of her foolishly grandiose life but rather her value as a culture symbol.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HAMLET HAD AN UNCLE, by Branch Cabell. Starting from the premise that Hamlet really lived—which you may accept if you like—Mr. Cabell sets himself to tell the "true" story of the unhappy prince, derived from the *Histoires Tragiques* of François de Belleforest, the same source Shakespeare probably used. It's a good story, full of blood, plots, sorcery, and more blood. But Mr. Cabell characteristically dresses it up with gingerbread figures of speech and scented naughtinesses, and the result is another Cabellian romance. If you want a really rousing tale about the prince whose uncle killed his father and married his mother, you know where to look, don't you?

AS A DRIVEN LEAF, by Milton Steinberg. Story of the Rabbi Elisha ben Abuyah, who, in the second century A.D., puts religion behind him in his search for the truth and in his zeal betrays his own people into the hands of the Roman governor of his province before he realizes the ghastly error he has committed. Convincing historical and scholarly background and a good deal of philosophical discussion—and very interesting, too.

SONS AND FATHERS, by Maurice Hindus. The struggle between a man of action and a man of ideas; to be specific, between a Bolshevik father and his son, who believes in humanitarianism and evolution. The time is 1917, the place is Russia. In spite of all that Mr. Hindus, a skillful novelist who knows his subject, can do, it seems very remote and rather inconclusive.

PAY THY PLEASURE, by Elisabeth Inglis-Jones. A novel of violence: grim old houses in Wales, a frustrated middle-aged woman disfigured by ugly scars, and a young wife who doesn't understand what is going on.

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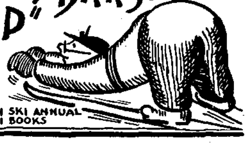

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No More Gas, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. The authors of the "Bounty" books take a vacation and toss off a trifle about an irresponsible family who are part Tahitian, part Yankee, and just can't keep themselves solvent. Here and there entertaining, here and there forced.

GENERAL

The Inside Story, edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin. Members of the Overseas Press Club of America, including Eugene Lyons, H. V. Kaltenborn, Irene Kuhn, etc., dish up twenty of their best behind-the-news stories.

The Medical Career and Other Papers, by Harvey Cushing. Sixteen gravely witty posthumously published essays by the noted Boston surgeon, including life sketches of such medical workers as Beaumont, Halsted, and the Mayos.

Life's a Circus, by Lady Eleanor Smith. The author of "The Red Wagon," maverick daughter of the late Earl of Birkenhead, recounts her adventures with schoolmistresses, gipsies, circus people, actors, ballerinas, and flamenco artists. Tea-and-crumpety in spots, but amusing. Illustrated.

Indians of the United States, by Clark Wissler. Long, popularly written description of the Amerindians, with comment on their prehistoric status and life under white rule. The author is Curator of Anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History. Illustrated.

War in the Twentieth Century, edited by Willard Waller. Open-forum symposium on the social aspects of modern war, by a group of experts, including Quincy Howe's closeup of the war's outbreak in 1939 and Ralph Linton's long-range anthropological view. A sound job.

The Other Germany, by Erika and Klaus Mann. "The other Germany" is the civilized Germans who resist Hitler passively inside the Reich and

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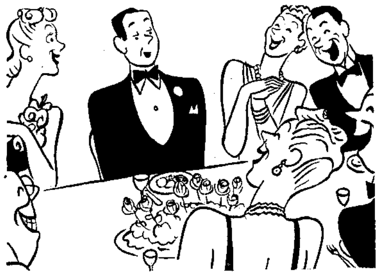

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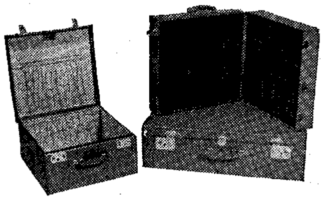
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THE CASE FOR FEDERAL UNION, by W. B. Curry. British argument for and outline of a constitutional world state, presented in much the same terms as Clarence K. Streit's "Union Now."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GIRL WHO HAD TO DIE, by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. Eight years ago, a young girl was found mysteriously dead on the sands of Long Island. This is Mrs. Holding's account of what may have happened. Purely fictional, although no secret is made of the girl's identity. Told in a dreamlike manner.

DEATH IN THE VIRGINS, by R. H. Barbour. Life is peaceful in St. Thomas until a government sleuth arrives, cuts the crust off, and finds the prettiest mess of scandals stewed up in a long time. Lots of color, and murder looks as beautiful as anything against the blue of the Caribbean.

MURDER IN SHINBONE ALLEY, by Helen Reilly. The season's most publicized débutante, a disagreeable minx who was not only hogging the show but was playing fast and loose with several men, falls from a window during a fashion show. Many things have happened in this quiet city, so it is not entirely improbable that a débutante might get what's coming to her.

•

ELY, Nev., Nov. 28 (AP).—Dick Torrence minded the baby while his wife passed her solo fling test. He holds a transport flying license and his wife's instructor.
—*The Herald Tribune.*

A smart move, probably.

•

Barbara, here on a six months' passport, was planning to stay in Florida all Winter, her representative said. She can regain her American citizenship in three years, instead of five, if she carries an American.
—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*

It's pretty hot in Florida for that.

•

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(BRITISH COLONIAL DIVISION)

[*From a stamp collectors' circular*]

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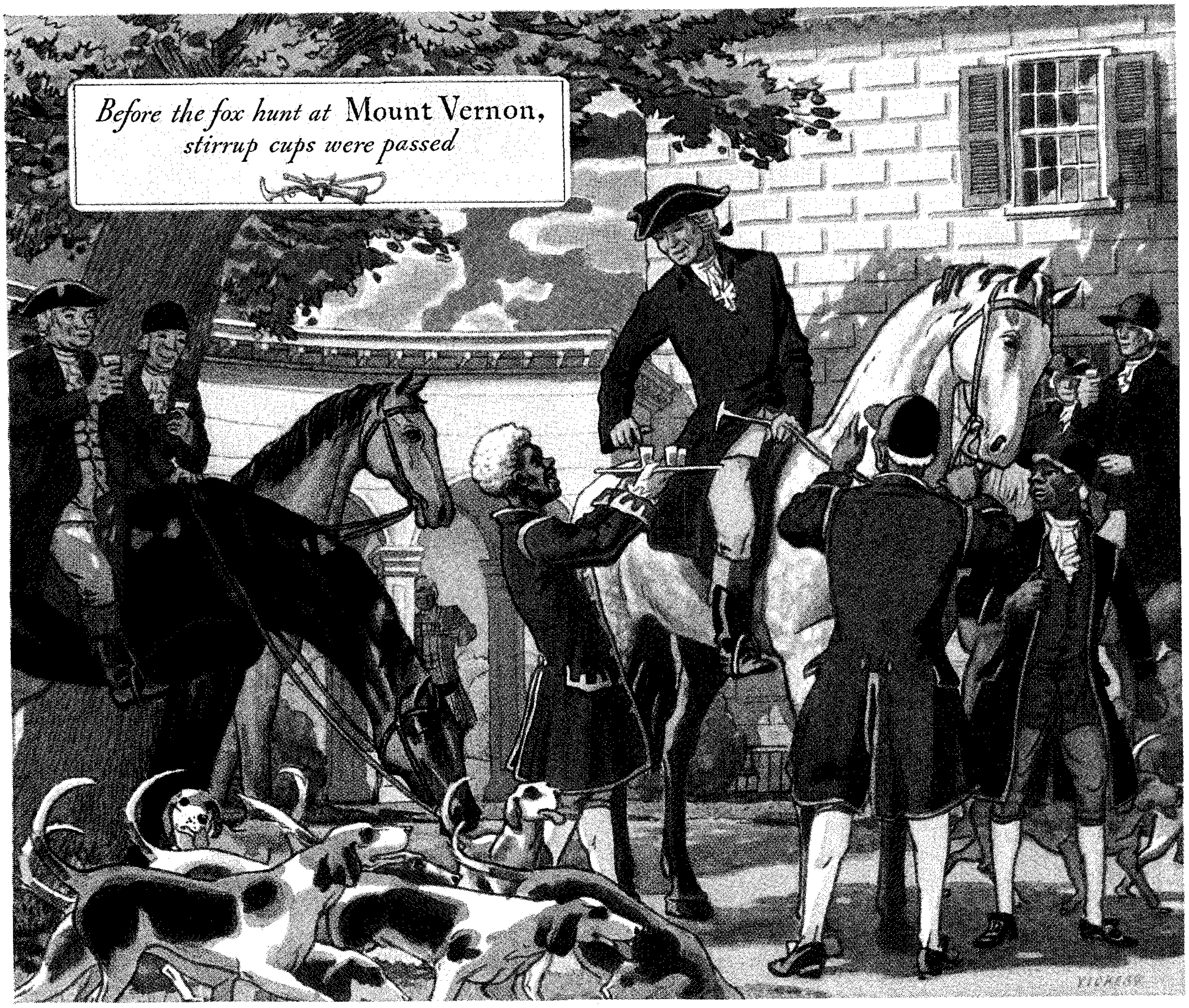
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